

FESTIVE SONGS,

PRINCIPALLY

OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH
CENTURIES;

WITH

An Introduction

BY

WILLIAM SANDYS, F.A.S.

Pluribus exhausto crescit sapientia vino,
Fitque Solon subito qui fuit ante Midas.
OBSCURÆ *De Arte Bibendi.*

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FESTIVAL SONGS

BY

OF THE SISTERS AND BROTHERS

(CONTINUED)

AND

An Introduction

BY WILLIAM HARRIS, F.R.S.

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INTRODUCTION.

WHATEVER uncertainty may yet exist, as to the proper classification of man in animated nature; there can be little doubt that he is, and from the earliest ages has been, a drinking animal. Allusions to his bibulous propensities appear in the most sacred, the most ancient books; and the histories of all lands afford examples. Unfortunately the precept, "avoid wine, wherein there is excess," has been repeatedly forgotten. The most polished nations of antiquity, revelling in the choicest liquors, have erred in this, as much as the rudest savages on the first introduction to them of "fire-water." It will be necessary, however, to confine our observations to the drinking habits of our own country, and of these, even to give but a sketch—a sample, and not a full draught.

The Celtic nations appear to have been generally addicted to drinking; and the ancient

Britons, as well of this as of other origin, formed no exception to the rule,—ale and mead being the principal drinks; for wine, probably, was scarcely known until after the establishment of the Romans in the island. Their feasts sometimes lasted for several days; our worthy slightly-clad predecessors continuing their amusement as long as provisions and liquors lasted. The Anglo-Saxons not only emulated, but exceeded them in their drinking propensities; and drank largely in honour of their gods, at their religious festivals. However, this is not remarkable, when we recollect that after a well-spent life here, according to their notions,—i. e., fighting, drinking, and committing breaches of several of the commandments, that would have made them objects of wonder in any modern police courts,—they were to be rewarded in the Valhalla, with the privilege of fighting all the live-long day, and feasting every night on Scrymer, a great boar, drinking mead and beer at discretion, out of the skulls of their slain enemies;—a constancy of entertainment, more to be wondered at than followed in the present excitement-seeking age. After the introduction of Christianity, they merely varied their habits of intemperance; drinking large draughts at their religious festivals in honour of our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, and other Saints.

Archbishop Boniface, in the eighth century, observing on the prevalence of drunkenness, more than insinuates that some of the bishops, instead of preventing it, were themselves partakers in the vice. King Edgar, in the middle of the tenth century, it is said, was the inventor of the fashion of fixing iron ladles, or cups, to the side of every fountain and well, for the benefit of the thirsty way-farer, as we see still attached to many of our public pumps. He, also, first directed that the vintners should keep vessels, with pegs, or pins of metal at certain distances, inflicting a penalty on any one who drank more than from one peg to another: though some accounts state, that if a person exceeded or fell short of such limit, he was to try again for the next peg. Hence, perhaps, the phrase, of one being a peg too low, when out of spirits, as if wanting another drink to rouse him. Anselm's canon, at the commencement of the twelfth century, forbidding priests to go to drinking bouts, or drink to pegs, no doubt had reference to some such custom, which would frequently induce drunkenness. Edgar's ordinance was, however, to promote temperance; and if Amphytrion had not long previously introduced the mixture of wine and water, Edgar was worthy of the invention. Hoops, in quart pots, are said to have been for a similar purpose, that

each man should take his hoop; and one of Jack Cade's intended reforms was, that the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops.

The Anglo-Normans were, at first, a more sober people than the previous occupiers of the country, but soon adopted, in full, their convivial habits, and became most luxurious in their feasts, though quantity, more than great variety, was a characteristic of their entertainments. At the marriage feast of Richard Earl of Cornwall, in 1243, there were thirty thousand dishes: and the enormous bill of fare at the installation of George Neville, Archbishop of York, two centuries later, (1466) has been often cited; with its one hundred and four oxen, one thousand sheep, two thousand pigs, five hundred stags, bucks, and roes, twenty-two thousand five hundred and twelve fowls of different sorts, two hundred and four cranes, four hundred heronshaws, twelve porpoises and seals, three hundred tuns of ale, one hundred tuns of wine, and one pipe of ipocrasse. This exuberant feasting seems to have continued down to the time of Elizabeth; when chines of beef and mutton, with beer and wine, constituted an established breakfast for ladies of quality. About this time the feasts, however, seem to have been under better arrangement, and of a somewhat more polished form. There were some strange

dishes, also, according to our notions of choice edibles; as cranes, gulls, puffins, curlews, swans, congors, seals, porpoises, etc.

It is proper to observe, that previous to the reign of Elizabeth, the vice of drunkenness had, from the time of its culmination under the Anglo-Norman kings, gradually abated, until the English had acquired the character of being the most sober of the northern nations; but now, during the wars in the Netherlands, they again learnt immoderate drinking, and the practice soon spread in their own country, and the citizens spent much of their time at taverns. Our early dramatic writers abound in allusions to such habits; and in King James's reign England seems again to have obtained the pre-eminence in toping. He himself was fond of strong, heady drinks, as Frontignac, Canary, high-country wine, tent wine, and Scottish ale; but could carry it off well, and surpassed even his doughty relation the Dane.

Iago. And let me the canakin clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink;

A soldier's a man, O, man's life's but a span;

Why then let a soldier drink.

Cassio. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cassio. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility, your Dane dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.”
(*Othello*, ii, 3.)

See another example, from the *Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, iii, 2.

“ *Lodovico.* Are the Englishmen such stubborn drinkers ?

Piso. Not a leak at sea

Can suck more liquor ; you shall have their children
Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old
Able to knock a Dane down.”

There is a curious account handed down to us, of some carousals at court, in 1606 (when Christian the IVth, of Denmark, paid a visit), which were carried to a great excess, even the ladies being overcome, in the exuberance of their loyalty. On one occasion, there was a sort of masque, or representation of King Solomon and the visit of the Queen of Sheba. The King of Denmark, who personated Solomon, having, from some unknown authority, conceived that wine and wisdom were synonymous, had, at least, imbibed a large portion of the former, while the Queen of Sheba had also indulged in an extra portion of nectar. She advanced to offer her gifts of wine, jelly and cakes to him ;—the learned pedant James having, probably, ascertained that these were

classically correct presents;—unfortunately, overcome by zeal and wine, the lady stumbled at the feet of the king, and threw her gifts indiscriminately over him, to the great detriment of his fancy dress. Nothing daunted by this, the representative of Solomon would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but here he in his turn was overcome, and fell also, and was obliged to be carried to bed by the sympathizing courtiers. Some ladies, who represented Faith, Hope, Charity, Victory, and Peace, in the pageant,—such characters having been considered to have accompanied the Queen of Sheba in her visit,—would not be out-done by their mistress; they were all staggering, and were obliged to retire from the court revels, for a time, under the effects of temporary indisposition. They manage things better now. The feasts of that period had become very extravagant and luxurious; and, except in not having an untranslatable foreign name, some of the dishes might equal any of modern times, always reserving the celebrated dish, crawfish à la Sampayo, attained by Mons. Soyer. Massinger mentions:—

——— “their pies of carps’ tongues,
 Their pheasants drench’d in ambergris, the carcasses
 Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to
 Make sauce for a single peacock.

————— “three sucking pigs served up in a dish,
 Ta'en from the sow as soon as farrow'd,
 A fortnight fed with dates, and muskadine,
 That stood my master in twenty marks apiece,
 Beside the puddings in their bellies, made
 Of I know not what.” *(The City Madam, ii, 1.)*

Gervase Markham, in his *English House-wife*, after describing the arranging of great feasts in the same reign, gives directions for a more humble one, wherein the first course (there being three) should consist of thirty-two dishes, including a chine of beef, a pig, a goose, a swan, a turkey, and a haunch of venison roasted; and the ordering will be “both frugal in the splendor, contentment to the guest, and much pleasure and delight to the beholder.”

In the time of Charles the First and the Commonwealth, the habits of the Cavalier party and of the Puritans, were quite opposed to each other; the former, when they had the means, indulging in luxurious living, and frequently sinking into debauchery; while the latter affected temperance and frugality, even to prudery; though there were occasional back-slidings—as where shall there not be? The court of Charles the Second was not a temperate one, but it was liberal, not addicted exclusively to any one particular vice, and excess in drinking was included in the catalogue. It may be observed that the

court leaven generally pervaded a large portion of society. The reigns immediately following the Revolution showed some improvement in these matters; and further than these it is not necessary to refer for the purposes of this Introduction. It may, however, be observed, that the habits of excess in drinking, in general society, till within but a few years back, are in the recollection of many, and even still exist in some parts, where man so debases his faculties, as to render himself unfit to associate with the fairer, the more graceful, and the purer portion of our race, and becomes a boon companion for such as “Happy Jerry” the gin-drinking mandril of Exeter-change, when Exeter-change was. Happily our court now affords an illustrious example to follow; and at our feasts, intellectual intercourse has superseded the grosser pleasures of the bottle,—a name to prevent the abuse of which, the talented George Cruikshank has, by his admirable work on the subject, lent his powerful aid.

The principal liquors in use amongst the early inhabitants of our country, were ale, beer, and mead. In some of the earliest Welsh laws, we find the steward of the king’s household had as much of every cask of plain ale, as he could reach with his middle finger dipped into it; and as much of every cask of ale with spiceries, as he

could reach with the second joint of his middle finger. The Welsh, as at present, were famed for their ale; the Anglo-Saxons dividing the classes of that liquor into mild ale, clear ale, and Welsh ale. Ale, indeed, may be considered a national drink, and has preserved its reputation to the present time, although not so aristocratic as formerly. Several places in the kingdom have, for a long series of years, preserved the reputation of peculiar skill in making this liquor. In ancient times it stood forward boldly at the royal tables, but now modestly retires to the side-board; often has it been the subject of parliamentary attention and interference; and the ale-brewer in the 15th century could not sell his ale, without the fear of the "cukkyng stole" and pillory, until the ale-taster had pronounced it good and "abill for mannys body." In the time of Henry VIII, ale continued one of the principal drinks, and the stock that Queen Elizabeth possessed, bore a large proportion to the wines in her cellar. At this time the beer was divided into single beer, or small ale, double beer, double-double beer, and dagger ale, which was particularly sharp and strong. There was also a choice kind, brewed principally by the higher classes, called March ale, from its being made in that month, which was scarcely fit for the table until two years old. A

cup of choice ale with spices and sugar, and sometimes a toast, stirred up with a sprig of rosemary, was a draught for a queen.

Adam. “Mark you, sir, a pot of ale consists of four parts, imprimis the ale, the toast, the ginger, and the nutmeg.”
(*Looking Glass for London and England.* Greene.)

But even now roguish brewers and tapsters would adulterate. “Let me see thee froth and lime,” as mine Host of the Garter says to Bardolph: and there is a story of old Heywood, being asked by a person in whose beer the hop preponderated at the expense of the malt, whether it was not well hopped? replying, “It is very well hopt, but if it had hopt a little further, it had hopt into the water.” Derby ale seems to have been one of the choice ales at this time: Sir Lionel Rash, in Green’s *Tu Quoque*, says, “I have sent my daughter this morning as far as Pimlico to fetch a draught of Derby ale, that it may fetch a colour in her cheeks”; a strange errand this would now be thought for a knight’s daughter, and leaving it an open question whether the walk or the ale was to fetch the colour. There was also a strong kind of ale called “huff-cap.” Another name for strong ale seems to have been “nippitate,”—

“*Pompiano.* My father oft will tell me of a drink
In England found, and nipitato call’d,
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.

Ralph. Lady, 'tis true ; you need not lay your lips
To better nipitato than there is."

—(*Knight of the Burning Pestle*, iv, 2.)

It is further described in another play,—

——“ Well fare England, where the poore may have a
pot of ale for a penny ; fresh ale, firme ale, nappie ale,
nippitate ale.”—*The Weakest goes to the Wall*.

There was also a mixture of ale with spirits, called
“ hum.” Bragget was a compound of ale, honey,
and pepper. Chaucer says of the carpenter’s
wife,—

“ Hir mouth was sweete as bragat is or meth,
Or hoord of apples, layd in hay or heth.”

As before-mentioned, mead or metheglin was
also one of the earliest drinks ; the mead-maker
was the eleventh officer in rank in the royal
household, and the steward had as much of every
cask of mead as he could reach with the first joint
of his middle finger. It was the companion of
ale at the royal tables for many generations. The
clerk Absolon sent to the carpenter’s wife, when
he wished to cause a favorable impression,—

——“ piment, methe, and spiced ale,
And wafres piping hot out of the glede.”

In the time of Sir Thopas, Chaucer allows him
some ginger-bread with his mead :

“ They set him first the swete wine,
 And mede eke in a mazeline
 And royal spicerie,
 Of ginger-bread that was full fine
 Of licores and eke comine,
 With sugar that is trie.”*

By the time of Queen Elizabeth it had gradually fallen into comparative disuse, and did not keep such high company, though still frequently mentioned by writers of the age. Vecchio in the *Chances* (Fletcher), when assuming the character of a magician, has an invocation or song, commencing,—

“ By old claret I enlarge thee,
 By Canary thus I charge thee,
 By Britain Matthewglin, and Peter,
 Appear, and answer me in metre !”—(Act v, sc. 3.)

Mr. Dyce, in a note on this passage, states a fanciful account given by Taylor in his *Drinke and Welcome*, of metheglin having been so called from one Mathew Glinn, the supposed inventor of it, who was master of a large stock of bees, and discovered this method of making their labours profitable. However, this etymology of Taylor is probably more jocular than just, as we have

* It may be observed that all the extracts from Chaucer are from Mr. Wright's valuable edition for the Percy Society.

seen that in the early ages every man in royal establishments had his mead, a practice some time since obsolete. Even to the end of the seventeenth century, however, metheglin was not discarded from convivial meetings; for *Poor Robin's Almanack*, 1699, singing of the good things of Christmas, as plum-porridge, furmity, minced pies, swan, etc., adds,

“————— And then strong beer,
For to wash down all this good chear;
Yea, in some houses there's no lack
Of brisk neat claret, spritely sack,
Metheglin, cider, and stout perry,
With other liquors to make merry.”

Choice mead may also still be sometimes met with. There was a mixture, called Obarni, occasionally mentioned, which is said to have been a preparation of mead and spices.

“————— Carmen
Are got into the yellow starch, and chimney sweepers
To their tobacco and strong waters, hum,
Meath and Obarni.”—*The Devil is an Ass*, i, 1.

Morat was another ancient preparation of mead, being diluted with the juice of mulberries, and was a choice liquor, confined to the tables of the great; the claret-drinkers, as we may call them, of the age. Another drink, of the same rank, was pigment or pyment, a compound of honey, wine,

and spiceries, and a great favourite in the early romances.

“ Men broughte bred, withouten bost,
 Venyson, cranes, and good rost,
 Pymment, clarré, and drynkes lythe ;
 King Richard bad hem al be blythe.”

Richard Coer de Lion, 3479-82.

Many other examples might be given. In the old French romances it was sometimes called *Vin du coucher*. Hippocras is a drink constantly mentioned, from the early ages to the seventeenth century ; and this with the clarré, of the old writers, and garhiofilac, were preparations of wine with spices. Henry the Third, previous to one of his Christmas feasts, directed the keepers of his wines, at York, to deliver to Robert de Monte Pessulano two tons of white wine, to make garhiofilac, and one ton of red wine, to make claret for the king's own use. A bottle of hippocras was occasionally a new year's gift to Queen Elizabeth ; who seems to have accepted every thing, from a fat goose upwards : and also to her successor, James. Aristippus, the philosopher, in the play of that name, by Randolph, says, “ Sack, claret, Malmesey, white-wine, and hypocras, are your five predicables, and tobacco your individuum.” Nichols, in his *Illustrations of Literature*, ii, 437, cites a passage in “ The Discovery of a London

Monster, called the Black Dog of Newgate, 1612," including hippocras, in a list of popular drinks: "Room for a customer, quoth I, So in I went, where I found English, Scottish, Welch, Irish, Dutch, and French, in several rooms: some drinking the neat wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some the Bordeaux; there wanted neither sherry, sack, nor charnoco, maligo, nor peeter seemine, amber-coloured candy, nor liquorish ipocras, brown beloved bastard, fat aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor, that might draw their wits into a circle, to see the devil by imagination."

The variety of wines used in this country, from the settlement of the Romans,—before whose arrival here it was perhaps scarcely known—to the present day, is very great, and may surprise those who have never paid any attention to the subject; especially such as modern Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne drinkers, who may be ignorant of the fact, that there are as many names, nearly, for these wines as there are separate vineyards, and who in their simplicity confound Beaune with Clos-vougeot, and gooseberry wine with Sillery. So, in the lists of ancient wines, no doubt they often differed but little, except in name; each town or district giving its appellation to its own growth of wine, though many agreed nearly in quality and flavour. A curious specimen of

vinous nomenclature, of about the thirteenth century, will be found in *La Bataille des Vins*. (*Barbazan Fabliaux par Méon*, i, 153), closing with a somewhat contemptuous remark relative to a parcel of unnamed wines.

“Premiers manda le vin de Cypre ;

Ce n'estoit pas cervoise d'Ypre,

Vin d'Aussai et de la Moussele,

Vin d'Anni et de la Rocele,

De Saintes et de Tailleborc,

De Melans et de Treneborc,

Vin de Palme, vin de Plesence,

Vin d'Espagne, vin de Provence,

De Montpellier et de Nerbone,

De Bediers et de Quarquassone,

De Mossac, de S. Melyon,

Vin d'Orchise et de S. Yon,

Vin d'Orliens et vin de Jargueil.

Vin de Meulent, vin d'Argentueil,

Vin de Soissons, vin d'Auviler,

Vin d'Espernai le Bacheler,

Vin de Sezane et de Sept-mois,

Vin d'Anjou et de Gastinois,

D'Ysoudun, de Chastel-Raoul,

Et vins de Trie la bardoul,

Vin de Nevers, vin de Sancerre,

Vin de Verdelai, vin d'Auçuerre,

De Torniere et de Flavingni,

De S. Porchain, de Savingni,

Vin de Chablies et de Biaune,

Un vin qui n'est mie trop jaune,

Plus est vert que corne du buef :

Toz les autres ne prise un oef.”

According to the "Gossips' Song," given hereafter from the Chester plays, Malmsey was known before the flood; but this may be considered problematical. We have the highest authority that Noah was the inventor of wine, and it was in use among all the great nations of antiquity: the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Greeks (who adopted for their symposia the phrase, *η πιθι, η απιθι**—"drink or begone")—the Romans, etc.

After the introduction of wine into England, it seems to have been of native, as well as of foreign growth, as we have accounts of extensive vineyards; and the larger monasteries, when established here, generally had vineyards attached to them, and the inmates were good judges of creature comforts, as why should they not have been, as they then headed the tide of science and learning. It is probable, however, that the home-made wines were inferior to those imported. On the entry of the Normans into England, and the increased connexion consequently with France, the importation of foreign wines was probably much increased; and the marriage of Henry the Second with Eleanor, and her rich lands in the south of

* In Aristippus, before mentioned, the motto in a tavern room is referred to, as, "Hipathi, hapathi."

France tended to facilitate the introduction of the choicest sorts. The early romances name some of the most fashionable, and give curious examples of manners, according to our present notions. In "Sir Degrevant," the lady goes to the pantry and kitchen for dainties for the knight; such as "a scheld of a wylde swynne, hastelettus in galantyne, plovers, curlew," etc., and "ryche she tham drewe, Vernage and Crete"; also, "bothe the Roche and the Reyn, and the good Malvesyn." On another occasion, it appears, the knight had been fighting like a bear, and no doubt required these little attentions. In "The Squyr of Lowe Degre," the list of drinks is more extensive.

"Ye shall have rumney and malmesyne,
Both ypocrasse, and vernage wyne,
Mount rose and wyne of Greke,
Both algrade, and respice eke,
Antioche, and bastarde,
Pymment also, and garnarde ;
Wyne of Greke, and muscadell,
Both claré, pymment, and Rochell.
The reed your stomache to defye,
And pottes of osey sett you bye."

Vernage is Dan Johan's favourite wine in the Schipmanne's Tale (*Canterbury Tales*, 14481-3.)

"With him brought he a jubbe of Malvesie,
And eek another ful of wyn vernage,
And volantyn, as ay was his usage."

Wine of Lepe, however, "that is to selle in Fleet Street or in Chepe," seems to have been one of the most dangerous wines mentioned by Chaucer, producing those singular effects that are occasionally attributed to wines of the present day.

"This wyn of Spayne crepith subtilly
In other wynes growyng faste by,
Of which ther riseth such fumosité,
That whan a man hath dronke draughtes thre,
And weneth that he be at hom in Chepe,
He is in Spayne, right at the toun of Lepe,
Nought at the Rochel, ne at Burdeaux toun."

—[*The Pardoner's Tale*, 13980-6.]

In the ordinances of the household of George Duke of Clarence, afterwards drowned in a butt of Malmsey, and of whose dream, just previous to his death, our immortal Shakespeare gives so grand a description, the following sweet wines are named: "Intyre malvesie, romenay, osey, bastard muscadelle."

This Malmsey, or Malvesy, was a favorite wine, and if the same as our Malmsey, is grateful to many palates yet: but there must have been formerly a great consumption of it, as we find in an act of Richard the Third, complaining of a reduction in the contents of the butts of Malmsey, then recently imported, that great plenty was wont to be brought in. Barclay, in his second

eclogue, refers to the sweetness and fragrance of this, and some other wines—

“In the meane season olde wine and dearly bought,
Before thy presence shall to thy prince be brought,
Whose smell and odour so swete and marvelous
With fragrant savour inbaumeth all the house ;
As Muscadell, Caprike, Romney and Malvesy,
From Gene brought, from Greece or Hungary ;
Suche shall he drinke ; suche shall to him be brought.”*

It is included in the household stores of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, and in many noble houses of their times, and frequently mentioned by our early dramatic writers,—valuable authorities for the manners of their day. Harrison, in his description of England, after stating that brawn was “a great peece of service at the table, from November untill Februarie be ended ; but chieflie in the Christmas time” ; adds, “because it is somewhat hard of digestion, a draught of Malvesie, bastard, or muscadel, is usuallie droonke after it, where either of them are convenientlie to be had. Jacques, in *The Woman’s Prize*, by Fletcher, iv, 2, in allusion to this custom, talks of his “two rundlets of muscadel, those two cannons, to batter brawn withal at Christmas.” Gervase Mark-

* See Introduction to “*The Cytezen and Uplondyshman*”, Percy Society’s edition, by Mr. Fairholt.

ham (*The English Housewife*, p. 162), says, "your muscadine and Malmseys are of many parts of Italy, Greece, and some speciall islands." This muscadine, or muscatell, so frequently found in conjunction with Malmsey, and in many of the same royal and noble cellars, is stated to have been a wine of Crete, and so called from its flavor of musk. Petruchio's behaviour at his marriage with Katherine, when he

———"Quaff'd off the muscadell,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,"

is familiar to all. Muscadine with eggs, is a drink frequently referred to, and the wine was apparently of a nourishing or strengthening nature. "A man may batten there in a week only, with hot loaves and butter, and a lusty cup of muscadine and sugar at breakfast, though he make never a meal all the month after." (*Perkin Warbeck*, iv, 2.) Henry VIII, as well as the luxurious Cardinal, were good judges of wine no doubt, and could cull the market: there is a letter from Thomas Allen to Lord Shrewsbury, 1517, stating, "As Allan King shews unto me, there were two vessels of muscadine wine, which were good; the King had the one, my Lord Cardinal the other." (*Lodge's Illustrations*, i, 37.) There was a red muscadine, of high quality, called Aleatico, of a purple colour, and luscious flavour, produced at

Montepulciano, etc. Having given a list of ancient wines from a French poem of the thirteenth century, we may compare it with a catalogue in a curious old English one, of the beginning of the sixteenth century, (1508), “Colyn Blowbolle’s *Testament*.” (See Halliwell’s *Nugæ Poeticæ*, and notes to *Sir Degrevant*, *Thornton Romances*.)

“And what with gestes and with servauntes eke,
 I trow their shalbe an honest felowship ;
 Sauf first of all they shall have new bake bouns,
 With strong ale bruen in fattes and in tounes,
 Pyng, drangoll, and the braget fyne,
 Methe, mathebru, and mathelynge,
 Rede wyn, the claret and the white,
 With teynt, and Alycaunt, in whom I delite ;
 Wyn ryvers, and wyn sake also,
 Wyne of Langdoke and of Orliaunce therto,
 Sengle bere, and othir that is dwobile,
 Which causith the brayn of man to trouble ;
 Spruce beer, and the beer of Hambur,
 Whiche makyth oft tymes men to stambur ;
 Malmasyes, Tires, and Rumneys,
 With Caperikis, Campletes, and Osneys,
 Vernuge, Crete, and Raspays also,
 Whippett and Pyngmedo, that ben lawyers therto :
 And I will have also wyne de Ryne,
 With new maid Clarye, that is good and fyne,
 Muscadell, Terantyne, and Bastard,
 With Ypocras and Pymment comyng afterwarde.

And as for mete I will that goo quyte,
 For I had never therein grete dylite,
 So that I myȝt have drynke at my will,
 Good ale or wyne my bely for to fille."

This may, perhaps, be scarcely considered a list for the more aristocratic tables; but in the Interlude of the *Four Elements*, of about the same date, the taverner, in answer to a question by Sensual Appetyte, if he had "any good wyne", gives him the following, which may be considered more select, and reminds us somewhat of that before given from the *Squyr of Low Degree*.

"Ye shall have Spayneshe wyne and Gascoyn,
 Rose coloure, whyt, claret, rampyon,
 Tyre, capryck, and malvesyne,
 Sak, raspyce, alycaunt, rumney,
 Greke, ipocrase, new made clary,
 Suche as ye never had;
 For yf ye drynke a draught or too,
 Yt wyll make you, or ye thens go,
 By gogges body starke madde!"

The Gascoign wine was a principal ingredient in a celebrated composition of the sixteenth century, called *Aqua composita*, for which the following is the receipt, inserted for the benefit of any who wish to try it, as its virtues were stated to be almost miraculous:—"A gallon of Gascoign wine, with an infusion of ginger, galingale, camo-

mile, cinnamon, nutmegs, grains, cloves, mace, anise seeds, fennel seeds, caraway seeds, etc.”—(*Privy Purse Expenses of Princess Mary*, by Madden, 208, *n.*) It was a favorite wine. Prisius, in *Mother Bombie*, ii, 5, in the end of the sixteenth century, gives his opinion: “The old time was a good time; ale was an ancient drink, and accounted of our ancestors authentic. Gascoign wine was a liquor for a lord; sack, a medicine for the sick; and I may tell you, he that had a cup of red wine to his oysters was hoisted in the queen’s subsidy book.”

It is curious how prone every one is to be *laudator temporis acti*. We praise the olden times, though we should be very sorry to exchange our modern comforts for what we call ancient hospitality, or to give up the privilege of freely discussing state secrets,—no matter how ignorant of the subject,—and return to the times of the *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, of the sovereign. Were any one to prefer the arbitrary rule of Henry the Eighth, or the despotic government of Elizabeth, with all their ancient customs, to the mild and enlightened sway of Victoria, he must be a most determined antiquarian. When we get back to Elizabeth, we find, as above, the same reference to olden times, and so back from stage to stage, until we are puzzled to find the starting point.

However, this, if followed up, would involve a dissertation quite out of character.

In early times, it seems, the French preferred the wine of Orleans to other wines, and scarcely drank any other. As early as the beginning of the eleventh century, Henry the First of France laid in a large stock, previous to commencing a campaign. In the fifteenth century it continued to be prized, and at the commencement of the sixteenth "le vin François et de Bourgogne," were sold for "deux sols le pot, et le plus excellent d'Orleans deux sols six deniers, ou trois sols au plus."—(*Vaux de Vire de Basselin*, 69, n.) A wine of Rennes, in Bretagne, was not so favoured; for there was an anecdote told before Francis the First, of a dog who unluckily eat a grape near Rennes, which affected its stomach so sharply, that it turned round in great wrath and barked against the vine, by way of revenge.

Alegant, or Alicant, a Spanish wine, said to have been made of mulberries near Alicant, was formerly in repute. Verdea, a Tuscan wine made in the vicinity of Florence, and taking its name from its colour inclining to green, was apparently a choice beverage, and perhaps but little imported into this country; the following speech, applied to the younger and foppish brother, alludes to it as a traveller's privilege—

“ And must this piece of ignorance be popp’d up,
Because’t can kiss the hand, and cry, ‘ Sweet lady’ ?
Say, it had been at Rome, and seen the relics,
Drank your Verdea wine.”—*The Elder Brother*, ii, 1.

When the unlucky Horner, the armourer, is about to fight the apprentice Peter, his neighbours make him drunk, by pressing on him too much good cheer; so that without hazarding any opinion on the justice, or otherwise of his cause, we are not much astonished at the result of the combat. Charneco is one of the drinks proffered, said to have been a sweet wine, made at a village of that name, near Lisbon.

“ Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

“ And here, neighbour, here’s a cup of Charneco.

“ And here’s a pot of good double beer, neighbour : drink, and fear not your man.

“ Let it come, i’ faith, and I’ll pledge you all ; and a fig for Peter !”—*Henry VI*, Part II, ii, 3.

Rhenish wines are frequently mentioned, and the unfortunate Robert Greene died after a surfeit of Rhenish and red-herrings. Back-rack (Backarach) occasionally mentioned, was a wine of this class.

“ I’ll go afore, and have the bonfire made,
My fire-works, and flap-dragons, and good back-rack :
With a peck of little fishes, to drink down
In healths to this day !”—*The Beggar’s Bush*, v, 2.

There was an inferior liquor, or mixture, generally named with implied reprobation, as the title denotes, Balderdash. John Bunce says, the Welsh have the word *Baldwrid*, to describe the barbarism of confused tongues, as at the confusion of Babel; from which word, and *Das*, is derived *Balderdash*, signifying, strictly, a heap of confused or barbarous words; hence applied to a poor class, or mixture of wines.

“It is against my freehold, my inheritance,
My Magna Charta, *cor lætificat*,
To drink such balderdash, or bonny-clabber !”

—*The New Inn*, i. 1.

Bonny clabber, or clabbore, whatever it may be, is named in *Perkin Warbeck*, iii, 2, in conjunction with usquebaugh.

The Clarré, or Claret, frequently mentioned in the sixteenth century, appears to have been a mixture of wine, spices, and honey; but the French Claret wine was also imported and much used, and was probably the wine frequently selected for the running conduits, on great occasions: as for instance, when Prince Arthur married Katherine, afterwards Henry the Eighth's first wife; according to Arnold, “at the west door, of Powles, was made a costlew pagēt, renning wyn, red Claret and whit, all the day of the marriage.”

So much has been already written about Sack, that it would be useless to dwell on the subject here, or to discuss, whether it was, or was not, Sherry; though the balance of evidence seems against it. It is said to have been first mentioned in the twenty-third of Henry the Eighth, when a regulation was made, that no Malmseys, Romineis, Sackes, nor other sweet wines, should be sold for more than three pence a quart; but this, at all events, proves that sack was previously known. Falstaff (*Sir John Sack and Sugar*) with whom this wine is so intimately associated, calls it Sherris-sack; and Gervase Markham, in *The English Housewife*, p. 162, says, "Your best Sackes are of Seres, in Spaine, your smaller of Galicia and Portugall: your strong Sackes are of the islands of the Canaries." The Canary Sack was sometimes called sweet Sack, to distinguish it from the other, which was a dry or sec wine. By some of the early ordinances of James the First's household, it seems that he considered this wine fit only for the higher classes; as it is directed that the serjeant of the cellar be allowed twelve gallons of the Spanish wines, called Sack, daily; and that it be used for the nobility and people of account, and not for people of meaner class, who had got into the habit of using it.

Bastard is another wine of frequent recurrence; it was a sweetish wine, from Spain, of which there were two sorts, white and brown.

Another choice liquor, with a somewhat eccentric name, was Peter-see-me—

“ Welcome, poet, to our ging ;
 Make rhymes, we'll give thee reason ;
 Canary bees thy brain shall sting,
 Mull-sack did ne'er speak treason ;
 Peter-see-me shall wash thy noul,
 And Malaga glasses fox thee.”

—*Spanish Gipsy*, iii, 1, by Middleton and Rowley.

This wine, or rather Pedro-Ximenes, according to Henderson (*History of Wines*, 193), was so called from a grape imported from the banks of the Rhine by one Pedro Simon; and was one of the richest and most delicate of Malaga wines, resembling very much the Malmsey of Paxarete.

Many other wines might be named; as will be evident on referring to Harrison, in his account of England, about the time of Queen Elizabeth, who states there were fifty-six sorts of French wine, and thirty-six of Spanish, Italian, Greek, etc., to the amount of thirty thousand tons annually, besides what the nobility were allowed to import free of duty; of which the strongest were most in request. The same variety of wines continued in the seventeenth century, with Champagne, Burgundy, and Tokay included: Burgundy

especially was in much repute, and is frequently mentioned by writers of that age.

The price of mead, ale, and other liquors, varied, of course, much from time to time, and was frequently the subject of legal enactment. According to the *Leges Wallicæ*, a cask of mead was valued at one hundred and twenty pence, equal to about £15 at present; and the measure of a cask of mead was to be nine palms in height; and so capacious as to serve the king, accompanied by one of his counsellors, for a washing tub—rather an arbitrary mode of fixing the size. Spiced ale was half the value of mead; and common ale half that value.

Ale was frequently the subject of fiscal regulations, particularly of the Assisa, *Panis et Cervisiæ*, being a drink in universal demand. In the time of Henry the Third, (1266), when a quarter of wheat was sold for 3s., or 3s. 4d.; a quarter of barley for 20d., or 2s., and a quarter of oats for 15d.; the assise declares that brewers in cities ought, and might well afford to sell two gallons of beer or ale for a penny; and out of cities to sell three gallons for a penny; and when in a town three gallons were sold for a penny, out of a town they ought, and might sell for four. Another act of the same date, gives a sort of sliding-scale for the price of ale, as dependent on that of barley.

In the fifteenth century, ale was generally 1*d.*, or 1½*d.*, a gallon. In the time of Elizabeth, the consumption of ale and beer was great, she and her court setting the example, for on a visit by her to Lord North, 1577, it appears that from Monday, September the first, to the Wednesday following, no less than seventy-four hogsheads of beer, valued at £32. 7*s.* 6*d.*, and two tons of ale, valued at £4. 14*s.*, were consumed, besides upwards of seven hogsheads of wine. The whole cost of the visit is put down at £762. 4*s.* 2*d.*, including a jewel of £120 given to the queen. (*Archæol.* xix, 288-90). No wonder that she was fond of encouraging her subjects' hospitality. In 1603, the price of ale and strong beer was settled by Act of Parliament, to be sold at the ale-houses at 1*d.* per quart, and small beer at two quarts for 1*d.* Various regulations were from time to time made about the prices and importation of wines. King John directed that no ton of Rochell wine should be sold dearer than 20 shillings, of Anjou than 24 shillings, and of France than 25 shillings, and not above, "unlesse the same were of such principall goodnesse, that some for their use would give twenty-sixe shillings, four pence, for the tunne, and not above in any case." A gallon of Rochell was to be sold for 4*d.*, and of white wine for not above 6*d.* In the early part of

the fifteenth century these wines still remained of the same value; but in the following century, although the Rochell wines still were at 4*d.* a gallon, French wines, of Gascoyne and Guyenne, were allowed to be at 8*d.*, and Malmseys, Romenys, Sack, and other sweet wines at 12*d.* These regulations, however, did not apply to, or control the nobility, who were specially excepted, and allowed to procure higher priced wines; and we may find in their household books Gascony wine priced as high as two shillings per gallon, and others in proportion. At the same time, claret wine seems to have varied from twenty to thirty shillings the hogshead. Roger Basing, a purveyor, bought at Bordeaux, in 1528, and shipped to England, amongst others, several parcels of claret wine, varying from thirty-six to fifty francs a tun; and on the coronation of Henry the Eighth the Society of Lincoln's Inn spent one hogshead of claret wine in honour, price twenty shillings; a sum that would go but a small way indeed in any of their present festivities. The common value, by the gallon, was about eight pence. Muscadell and Malmsey, and the best Rhenish wine were of higher price, varying from sixteen pence to two shillings and eight pence per gallon. Queen Elizabeth selected these wines for her own use; as in the fifteenth year of her reign, the ex-

penses of her table in Malmsey (sack, muscadills), and other sweet wines, were £199 7s. 8*d.*, in Rhenish wine £54 6s. 6*d.* The price of Sack we have in the immortal tavern bill of Sir John Falstaff—

“Item, A capon, 2*s.* 2*d.*

Item, Sauce, 4*d.*

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5*s.* 8*d.*

Item, Anchovies, and Sack after Supper, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.”

The common price, per butt, seems to have been about £10—and by the gallon, from sixteen pence to two shillings. In the time of Charles the First, wines had considerably increased in price; and in February 1632, there was a proclamation fixing the following prices, for one year: “Canary wyne, Muscadell and Alligants, in gross, at sixteen pounds the pipe, and at twelve pence the quart by retaile; Sacks and Malligoes at thirteen pounds, the butt in gross, and nine pence the quart by retaile; the best Gascoigne and French wyne at eighteen pounds the tonne in gross, and sixpence the quart by retaile; and the Rochell wyne, and other small and thin wyne, at fifteen pounds the tonne in gross, and at five pence the quart by retaile; this was increased the following month to six-pence.—See *Rymer's Fœdera*. After the restoration of Charles the Second, wines had

again risen in price. In 1667 the maximum of Canary, Allegant, and Muscadels was one shilling and eight-pence per quart; of Sack and Mallagou one shilling and six-pence; of French wines nine-pence, and of Rhenish one shilling and two-pence. In 1673 they had further advanced; Canary, Allegant, and Muscadels to two shillings, Sack and Malagas to one shilling and ten-pence, French to one shilling, and Rhenish to one shilling and six-pence.

Many of the popular taverns and ordinaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are mentioned in the dramatic writers of that time, and numerous scenes are laid in them, from the ever-memorable Boar's Head downwards. The following poetical list, from *Newes from Bartholomew Fayre*, quoted from *Drake's Shakespeare and his Times*, ii, 133, n., enumerates several.

“ There hath beene great sale and utterance of wine,
 Besides beere and ale, and ipocras fine,
 In every country, region, and nation ;
 Chefely at Billingsgate, at the *Salutation*,
 And *Bores Head*, neere London Stone,
 The *Swan* at Dowgate, a taverne well knowne,
 The *Miter* in Cheape, and then the *Bull Head*,
 And many like places that make noses red ;
 The *Bores Head* in old Fish-street, *Three Cranes* in the
 Vintree,
 And now of late *St. Martin's* in the Sentree ;

The *Windmill* in Lothbury, the *Ship* at the Exchange,
King's Head in New Fish-streete, where roysters do range;
 The *Mermaid* in Cornhill, *Red Lion* in the Strand,
Three Tuns Newgate Market, Old Fish-street at the
Swan."

The Boar's Head, near London Stone, or in Cheap, is noted as the scene of the revels of Prince Henry, Sir John Falstaff and his companions; and the original sign, if not parts of the original house, were supposed by many to have been in existence until the alterations made a few years since for the approaches to the new London Bridge; but, in fact, the original Boar's Head was burnt down in the great fire of London. The Mitre was in Bread Street, Cheapside, but afterwards removed to Fleet Street, and, according to Middleton, excelled the celebrated Mermaid.

"*Goldstone*. Where sup we, gallants?

Pursenet. At Mermaid.

Gol. Sup there who list, I have forsworn the house.

Pur. Faith, I'm indifferent.

Bungler. So are we, gentlemen.

Pur. Name the place, Master Goldstone.

Gol. Why, the Mitre, in my mind, for neat attendance, diligent boys, and—push! excels it far.

All. Agreed, the Mitre then."

—*Your Five Gallants*, Middleton, ii, 1.

The Mermaid was a favourite resort of the wits in the time of Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher,

etc., and, also, situated in Bread Street. It is mentioned in the expenses of Sir John Howard, the first Duke of Norfolk of the Howard family, 1463-4:—"Payd for wyn at the Mermayd, in Bred Stret, for my mastyr and Syre Nycholas Latemer, *xd.*, ob."—See *Beaum. and Flet.*, Dyce's ed., iv, 129, *n.* The Windmill is the tavern resorted to in *Every Man in his Humour*: it stood at the corner of the Old Jewry, towards Lothbury. The celebrated Tarleton once kept the Bell-Savage tavern in Gracious (Gracechurch) Street. The Devil's Tavern, formerly called Dunstan's, derived great renown from being the place of meeting of the club of which Ben Jonson was perpetual president, and for which he wrote his *Leges Convivales*. This tavern was purchased by Messrs. Child, the bankers, and pulled down in 1788, and Child's Place erected on its site. The Dagger, which was in Holborn, and the Woolsack, were favourite taverns and ordinaries, though not perhaps of high repute, and probably on a par with some of the after-play houses of present times. They were also celebrated for particular dishes: Dagger ale, and Dagger pies, are frequently mentioned; also, Dagger furmety, and Woolsack pies. The character, called Iniquity, in *The Devil is an Ass*, talks of factors and prentices spending falsely gotten money from

their masters—in pies, at the Dagger and the Woolsack. So again, in *Alchemist*, Subtle says to the unlucky lawyer's clerk—

“Her grace would have you eat no more
Woolsack pies,
Nor Dagger frumety.
Dol. Nor break his fast
In Heaven and Hell.”

There were two mean ale-houses abutting on Westminster Hall, called Heaven and Hell, which are mentioned with a third house, called Purgatory, in a grant of first of Henry the Seventh (*Gifford's Jonson*, iv, 174, *n.*) frequented, probably, by some of the inferior branches of that most extensive and varied production of civilization—the law. The Pigeons, at Brentford, is also referred to in the same play, and in others; this house, after the Puritans had closed the theatres, and dispersed the actors, was kept by the once popular actor Lowin, who died there, old and poor, just before the Restoration. Though somewhat out of character to mention her, inasmuch as she does not appear to have kept a tavern, yet some tribute is due to the cakes and pasties of Mother Wall, of Abchurch Lane, which were in great request, and may, at least, have been a cause for drinking.

“I have the scent of London stone as full in my nose, as Abchurch Lane of Mother Wall's

pasties." (*Englishmen for my Money*, by Haughton, iv, 1.) Other taverns named in our old dramatic writers, are: the Phoenix; the Horn in Fleet Street; "his eating must be in some famous tavern, as the Horn, the Mitre, or the Mermaid" (*Father Hubbard's Tales*, Middleton); the White Horse in Friday Street, the scene of one of George Peele's tricks; the Goat at Smithfield; the Three Cups in St. Giles's; the Checker at Queenhithe; the Dolphin, without Bishopsgate; the Shipwreck Tavern; the Fountain in Fleet Street; the Blue Anchor, Billingsgate; the Bosoms Inn, (i. e. the Blossoms Inn, having the sign of St. Lawrence in a border of blossoms or flowers; though it is a question whether these blossoms may not have been a corrupted representation of a border of flames surrounding the Martyr); the Sun Tavern, behind the Change; the Cock in Bow Street; the Gun Tavern in Moorfields; the Greyhound, Blackfriars; the Dog and Partridge; the Lion, Shoreditch; Dogbolt's at Brentford; Medley's, Nettleton's, Anthony's, and Chateline's ordinaries; the cook's shop in Ram Alley, "where the clerks divide, and the elder is to choose," and the Rhenish wine house i' th' Stillyard.

—"the Dutch magazine of sauce, the Stillyard,
Where deal and backrag, and what strange wine else
They dare but give a name to in the reckoning,

Shall flow into our room, and drown Westphalias,
Tongues and anchovies."

—*The Lady of Pleasure*, Shirley, v, 1.

The prices at the ordinaries must have been to a great extent arbitrary, depending on the fashion, repute, and capabilities of the house; but in 1633, there was a decree of the Star Chamber, which, no doubt, failed like other sumptuary laws, by which it was ordered, that the price of ordinaries should not exceed 2*s.* a head, or 8*d.* for a servant attending his master.

The forms and materials of drinking vessels, were as varied as the liquors themselves. In the early ages, cups of copper, silver and gold, according to the rank of the parties, were in fashion. Horns of animals also we find mentioned as used by the ancient classical heroes. The Saxons and Danes had gold and silver cups, as well as horns, which were sometimes richly carved and ornamented; and these were occasionally given in confirmation of grants of lands, as for instance, the Pusey horn, formerly Canute's horn, and given by himself with lands at Pusey, in Berkshire. (See *Archæol.* vol. 1, art 39, for other instances.) In the ninth century, the Saxon king of Mercia gave the monks of Croyland his table-horn, that the elders of the monastery might drink out of it on feast days, and sometimes remember in their

prayers the soul of Wiglaf the donor: they would at least remember him in their cups. Horns continued in use until long after the Conquest. They are represented in the Bayeux Tapestry, and are mentioned in wills and otherwise for centuries after the date of that work, and the common horn cup, indeed, is still to be seen in many parts. Among the other early drinking vessels, was the hanap, a cup raised on a stem, either with or without a cover; the godet, a species of mug or cup; the juste (justa), rather a conventual, than a secular measure, so named from containing a prescribed allowance of wine; the barrel, and the tankard. There were also cups made of cocoa-nut, as soon as that article was known, also of the "grype," or griffin's egg, (probably the ostrich's; as the heraldic griffin, the only one known to us, has not the appearance of an egg-laying animal.) The cups were commonly of silver, and but rarely of gold; frequently parcel-gilt, and sometimes set with jewels, and the armorial bearings of the owners embossed or enamelled. Favourite cups also had names given to them. Glass vessels did not come into use till towards the close of the fifteenth century. (See Turner on *Usages of Domestic Life*, *Archæological Journal*, No. vii, pp. 258-66.) The hooped pots of King Edgar have already been mentioned; and

there was a drinking vessel called the Saxon romekin. Another ancient vessel was the mase-lyn, or mazer-bowl, usually made of maple wood.

“They fet him first the swete wyn,
And made him eek in a maselyn,
A real spicerye,
Of gyngebred that was so fyn,
And licorys, and eek comyn,
With sugre that is trye.”

—*Canterbury Tales*—*The Tale of Sir Thopas*, 15262-7.

The mazer, however, seems to have been sometimes made of more costly materials, but to have retained its name from similarity of shape to the peculiar form of the maple bowl. Another vessel, in use among the inferior classes, was the black jack, a specimen of which may still occasionally be met with; a larger sort was called bumbard.

—“We have unloaded the bread-basket, the beefe-kettle, and the beer-bumbards there, amongst your guests the beggars.”—*A Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, Brome, i, 1.

They were made of leather, as is well known, and unwieldly articles enough.

The description by T. Heywood, in *Philocothonista*, 1635, pp. 45-6, of drinking cups, etc., gives a curious catalogue of those in use in his time, and may conclude this slight account of them.

“Next for variety of drinking cups, we need not be said to come neere, but to goe farre beyond the Grecians, of

whose carowsing bowles I have before given you a sufficient catalogue; divers and sundry sorts wee have, some of *elme*, some of *box*, some of *maple*, some of *holly*, &c., *mazers*, broad-mouth'd dishes, *noggins*, *whiskins*, *piggins*, *cruizes*, *ale-bowles*, *wassell-bowles*, *court-dishes*, *tankards*, *kannes*, from a pottle to a pint, from a pint to a gill: other bottles wee have of leather, but they most used amongst the shepheards, and harvest people of the countrey; small jacks wee have in many alehouses of the citie and suburbs, tipt with silver, besides the great black jacks, and bombards at the court, which when the French-men first saw, they reported at their returne into their countrey, that the English-men used to drinke out of their bootes; wee have besides, cups made of hornes of beasts, of cocker-nutts, of goords, of the egges of estriches, others made of the shells of divers fishes brought from the Indies, and other places, and shining like mother of pearle: infinite there are of all measures, and fashions, model'd of earth, cotili, and dicotili, single pots, and double pots, some plaine, others of many colours."

He adds, that

"Cups are sometimes made in the form of beasts, etc., as dogs, cats, apes, horses, dolphins, etc. Also glasses, in the shape of ships under sail, with masts, sails, etc., others like boats, lyons, rats, trumpets, etc. At private houses there were flagons, tankards, beere cups, wine bowles, etc., some white, some parcel-gilt, some gilt all over. At taverns there were flat bowles, French bowles, prounct cups, beare bowles, beakers, etc."

With this aptitude for drinking, it is natural to suppose that many drinking customs and terms would be gradually introduced, some of which we find exist to the present day, as, the loving cup,

drinking healths, etc. One of the earliest specimens of drinking terms is given in Wright's interesting *Essays on Literature, etc.*, i, 184, n., from Wace, *Roman de Rou*, of the twelfth century—

“Tote nuit mangierent e burent,
Unkes la nuit el lit ne jurent.
Mult les véissiez demener,
Treper e sailler e chanter;
Lublie crient, e *weissel*,
E *laticome*, e *drincheheil*,
Drinc hindrewart, e *drintome*,
Drinc helf, e *drinctome*.”

The term wass-heil is supposed, by many, to have been first introduced into this country when the fair Rowena was introduced to Vortigern, and presenting him with a cup of choice wine, or mead, said, “Louerd king, wass-heil,” to which he replied, as prompted, “Drinc-heile.” Robert of Gloster says, “And that was tho in this land the verst was-hail,” but adds that the custom of wassailling prevailed even in the third century. Thomas de Hatfield, Bishop of Durham, presented to the abbey of St. Alban's a murrhine cup, which the recorder of the benefaction says, “we, in our times, call Wesheyl.”—*Cotton MS., Nero D.*, vii, fo. 87.

The habit of what may be called class-drinking would be a fruitful source of increased potations: that is, different professions and trades drinking

together, and forming, probably, drinking clubs, tending frequently to challenges as to mutual powers of vinous imbibition.

“Inter dissimiles rara est concordia, crebrò

Surgit ab imparili turba sodalitio.

Nauita cum nautis potet: cum milite miles:

Cum pastore bibat pascere doctus oues.

Cum medico medicus: cum rura colente colonus:

Cum sutore colat pocula sutor iners.

Cum monacho monachus: cum vespillone pitisset

Polynctor blanda cum meretrice lupa.

Lictori lictor, sed scribæ scriba propinet,

Lurco lurconi, mulio mulotribæ.

Auriga aurigam iungat sibi, verna sodalem

Quærat seruili conditione Syrum.

Denique, quisque parem quærat sumatque bibonem,

Qui sibi, quique suis moribus aptus erit.”

—*Obsopæus De Arte Bibendi*, 1582, lib. 1, sign. B. 3.

In the sixteenth century, the gallants, of whom we read so much, and whose vain and fantastic freaks amuse in the recital, though the realities would be but sorry companions now, seemed to revel in the invention and application of new drinking terms and customs. Take one specimen from *Decker's Gull's Hornbook*, *Nott's ed.*, 26-8: “Awake, thou noblest drunkard, Bacchus; thou must likewise stand to me, if at least thou canst for reeling; teach me, you sovereign skinker, how to take the German's upsy-freeze, the Danish rowsa, the Switzer's stoop of Rhenish, the Italian's

parmizant, the Englishman's healths, his hoops, cans, half-cans, gloves, frolicks, and flapdragons, together with the more notorious qualities of the truest tosspots."

A man about town of the olden age, was, doubtless, more picturesque than the present luckless specimen of that class. See him decked out in his peascod-bellied doublet, quilted and bombasted, with his trunk-hose, ruff, hat and feather, shoes and roses, strutting to his favourite ordinary or tavern to meet his fellows, taking the wall of every one he meets, out-Bobadilling Bobadil. Arrived among his boon companions, they strive to outdo each other in boasting and lewd discourse; they "drink super nagulum, carouse the hunter's hoope, quaff vpsey freze crosse, with leapes gloues, mumps, frolickes, and a thousand such domineering inuentions." (*Pierce Penilesse*, Shakespeare Society's edition, p. 52.) To revive the palled appetite, shoeing horns, or pullers on, were resorted to, salt cakes, red herrings, bacon, anchovies, etc., as at present; and the death of Robert Greene, before referred to, from a surfeit of Rhenish, was occasioned by a shoeing horn of pickled herrings. Upsee Freeze, (or Friesland beer), and upsee Dutch, are said to have referred to different sorts of heady beer, the common beverage of the Low Countries, (hence

called opzee or over sea,) and much drank in England; and to drink upsee Dutch, or upsee Freeze, was synonymous with drinking deep like a Dutchman. Upsee English was a beer made in England in imitation. *Ben Jonson*, by Gifford, iv, 150, *n*.

“*Prigg*. What think you of our wassel?

Higgen. I think it worthily.

Pr. And very fit it should be: thou, and Ferret,
And Ginks, to sing the song; I for the structure,
Which is the bowl.

Hig. Which must be upsey-English,
Strong lusty London beer, ———.”

The Beggar's Bush, iii, 1.

Drinking super nagulum, was to turn the cup bottom upwards after drinking, pouring the last drop on the thumb nail (super ungulum) to prove the toper had not shirked the draught.

“*Bacchus*. A vous, monsieur Winter, a frolick upsy freese: cross, ho! super nagulum. *Knocks the jack upon his thumb*.”—*Summer's Last Will and Testament*, by Nash.

Flap-dragons, or snap-dragons, are well known now at Christmas time, but we do not emulate the amorous gallants of former times, who drank off candle-ends, as flap-dragons, in honour of their mistresses. They would also stab their arms with daggers, in order to mix blood with their wine to drink to their healths, sometimes on their

knees, and commit other disgusting feats which need not be here described.

The custom of drinking healths is probably of very early date; the Romans had something similar, and the Saxons, pledging the safety of each other while drinking, is the same thing in a different guise; the Saxon form, indeed, is still kept up in certain companies, while the loving cup passes, each person pledging, *i. e.* protecting his neighbour while drinking. The complicated ceremony of drinking healths, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, is fully described in the following extract from the Introduction to *The Honestie of this Age*, Percy Society's edition, pp. xix-xx, taken from *The Irish Hubbub*, by Barnaby Rich, 1619.

“The institution of drinking of an health is full of ceremony, and observed by tradition, as the Papists doe their praying to Saints.

“He that beginnes the health hath his prescribed orders: first uncovering his head, hee takes a full cup in his hand, and setting his countenance with a grave aspect, hee craves for audience. Silence being once obtained, hee beginnes to breathe out the name, peradventure of some honourable personage, that is worthy of a better regard than to have his name polluted at so unfitting a time, amongst a company of drunkards; but his health is drunke to, and he that pledgeth must likewise off with his cap, kisse his fingers, and bowing himselfe, in signe of a reverent acceptance; when the leader sees his follower thus prepared, hee

soups vp his broath, turnes the bottom of the cup vpward, and in ostentation of his dexteritie gives the cup a phillip, to make it cry *Twango*; and thus the first scene is acted.

“The cup being newly replenished to the breadth of an haire, he that is the pledger must now beginne his part; and thus it goes round, throughout the whole company, provided alwaies, by a canon set down by the founder, there must be three, at the least, still uncovered till the health hath had the full passage; which is no sooner ended but another beginnes, again, and hee drinckes an health to his *lady of little worth*, or, peradventure, to his *light-heeld mistris*.”

Healts were not only drank to, or of each other, but also those of great men, and not unfrequently of little men present or absent. “Boy, fill us a cup of your Maligo, we’ll drink to Mr. Spendall in his absence” (Green’s *Tu Quoque*); a speech similar to what many of us may have heard. Healts of this latter description were frequently applied to ladies, and, together with draughts in honour of certain sentiments, proposed for the occasion, were called toasts. During the usurpation of Cromwell, a favourite toast of the cavaliers, was to put a crum of bread in the glass, and before they drank to say, “God send this Crum—well down.”

A cup of choice ale, with sugar and spice, and a toast, sometimes with a roasted crab, or apple, is a very old invention; and by its ancient name

of Lamb's-wool is still preserved as a Christmas dainty, where Christmas festivities are yet duly honoured. A cup of spiced ale, with a toast, and stirred up with a sprig of rosemary, seems to have been the regular morning beverage of justices of the peace, and other country gentlemen; but whence the term "toast" to drinking a health or sentiment, does not seem clear, unless we like to adopt the following origin, from No. 24 of *The Tatler*; where it is stated, that on a public day, at Bath, in the time of Charles the Second, a celebrated beauty was in one of the baths, when one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which she stood, and drank her health to the company. A gay fellow who was present, half fuddled, offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was prevented from so doing, but this whim gave foundation to the present honour done to the lady whose health is proposed, who has ever since been called a toast.

With the numerous incentives to drink, invented by the early gallants, it may be supposed that they frequently far exceeded the bounds of moderation or discretion, and became, in fact, gloriously drunk: a great wine-bibber, a Borachio, being, in fact, a renowned character among his compeers. In *Pierce Penilesse*, p. 55, the following classifi-

cation of drunkenness is given:—"There are kinds of drunkenness—first, ape drunke, and he leaps, sings, hollows, and dances. The second is, lion drunk, breaks windows, throws about the pots, and is quarrelsome. The third is swine drunk, lumpish and heavy. The fourth is sheep drunke, wise in his own conceit. The fifth is mawdlen drunke, weeping, etc. The sixth is Martin drunke, when a man gets drunk and drinks himself sober. The seventh is goat drunk, he hath no minde but to lecherie. The eighth is fox drunke, or crafty drunk, as many Dutch be, who will never bargain but when drunk."

In *Philocothonista*, pp. 44-5, is a long list of names, applicable to drunkards; where, also, other matter may be found treating on this subject, of some of which use has already been made. It may be observed, that hob, or nob, is said to be habbe, or nabbe, i.e., have, or have not; will you have a glass of wine, or not, have, or n'ave; and buz, from the German *buzzen*, off with the lees.

The custom of singing at feasts, is as old as the ancient Britons, whose poets, or bards, composed songs, or poems, to enliven the feasts; and the Anglo-Saxons had regular drinking songs, though our antiquarian researches have not yet enabled us to discover the favourite song used at their Valhalla feast.

Much, I fear, cannot be said in favour of the merits of many of the following collection; and the number might easily have been increased without adding to the value; but they are specimens of a class. Some very few of the early ones may exceed the bounds mentioned in the title-page of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but it is hoped they may be excused. Stevens, Morris, Hewardine, and other convivial song writers towards the end of last century, would have added much to the spirit of the selection, had they not been far out of limits. My lamented friend T. Cooke (worthy from his talents to have wedded the songs of Anacreon to music, and with virtues equal to his talents), Bishop, Webbe, and others, have been most successful in the composition of drinking glees, but these it would be foreign to our purpose to enumerate. I will, therefore, close these introductory pages by Cowley's lines on drinking (*Anacreontiques*, No. 2), which seem appropriate to the subject.

“The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,

So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less),
Drinks up the sea, and, when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I,
Why, man of morals, tell me why?"

FESTIVE SONGS.

FESTIVE SONGS.

Chorus: O'er the world's a-bowling, O'er the world's a-bowling,

O'er the world's a-bowling, O'er the world's a-bowling,

O'er the world's a-bowling, O'er the world's a-bowling,

O'er the world's a-bowling, O'er the world's a-bowling,

O'er the world's a-bowling, O'er the world's a-bowling,

Parade the world's a-bowling, O'er the world's a-bowling,

O'er the world's a-bowling, O'er the world's a-bowling,

O'er the world's a-bowling, O'er the world's a-bowling,

O'er the world's a-bowling, O'er the world's a-bowling,

Chorus: O'er the world's a-bowling, O'er the world's a-bowling,

O'er the world's a-bowling, O'er the world's a-bowling,

O'er the world's a-bowling, O'er the world's a-bowling,

O'er the world's a-bowling, O'er the world's a-bowling,

WESTERN UNION

FESTIVE SONGS.

I.

WALTER MAPES' CELEBRATED CONVIVIAL SONG.

Twelfth Century.

(From Croke, on Rhyming Latin Verse, pp. 100-1.)

MIHI est propositum in tabernâ mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant, cum venerint Angelorum chori,
“Deus sit propitius huic potatori.”

Poculis accenditur animi lucerna,
Cor imbutum nectare volat ad superna,
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in tabernâ
Quam quod aquâ miscuit præsulis pincerna.

Suum cuique proprium dat natura munus.
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunos;
Me jejunum vincere posset puer unus,
Sitim et jejunium odi tanquam funus.

Unicuique proprium dat natura donum.
 Ego versus faciens vinum bibo bonum,
 Et quod habent melius dolia cauponum
 Tale vinum generat copiam sermonum.

Tales versus facio quale vinum bibo ;
 Nihil possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo,
 Nihil valet penitùs quod jejunus scribo,
 Nasonem post calices carmine præibo.

Mihi nunquam spiritus prophetiæ datur
 Nisi tunc cum fuerit venter benè satur ;
 Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur,
 In me Phœbus irruit ac miranda fatur.

 II.

Translation of the same, said to have been made by Mr. Derby,
 of Fordingbridge, Hampshire.

(Ibid. pp. 101-2.)

I'm resolv'd in a tavern with honour to die ;
 At my mouth place a full flowing bowl,
 That angels, while round me they hover, may cry,
 "Peace, O God, peace to this jolly soul."

By toping, the mind with fresh vigour is fraught,
 The heart too soars up to the skies ;
 Give me wine that's unmixed—not the watery draught
 Which the president's butler supplies.

To each man his gift nature gives to enjoy,
 To pretend to write well is a jest
 When I'm hungry ; I yield, overcome by a boy ;
 And a fast like the grave I detest.

My verses all taste of the wine that I stow ;
 While I'm empty my muse is unkind ;
 But with bumpers enliven'd how sweet does she flow,
 Fam'd Ovid I leave far behind.

Till my belly's well fill'd, truths I ne'er can divine ;
 But when Bacchus presides in my pate,
 The strong impulse I feel of the great god of rhyme,
 And wonderful things I relate.

 III.

FESTIVE SONG,

About the Twelfth Century.

Citing Petri Andreæ Canonherii De admirandis vini virtutibus,
 Antwerp, 1627, p. 501.

(Ibid. pp. 102-3.)

QUICUNQUE vult esse frater,
 Bibat bis, ter, et quater :
 Bibat semel, et secundo,
 Donec nihil sit in fundo.
 Bibat hera, bibat herus,
 Ad bibendum nemo serus :
 Bibat iste, bibat illa,

Bibat servus cum ancillâ.
 Et pro Rege, et pro Papâ
 Bibe vinum sine aquâ.
 Et pro Papâ, et pro Rege :
 Bibe vinum sine lege:
 Hæc una est lex Bacchica,
 Bibentium spes unica.

IV.

AN ANGLO-NORMAN DRINKING SONG.

(Reliquiæ Antiq. vol. ii, pp. 168-9. From MS. Reg. 16,
 E. viii., fol. 103, r^o.—Early in the thirteenth Century.)

Letabundus.

OR hi parra,
 La cerveyse nos chauntera,

Alleluia !

Qui que aukes en beyt,
 Si tel seyt côm estre doit,

Res miranda !

Bevez quant l'avez en poin,
 Ben est droit, car mut est loing

Sol de stella.

Bevez bien & bevez bel
 Il vos vendra del tonel,

Semper clara.

Bevez bel & bevez bien
 Vos le vostre & jo le mien,

Pari forma.

De ço soit bien porveu,
Qui que auques le tient al fu,
Fit corrupta.

Riches genz funt lur brut ;
Fesons nus nostre deduit,
Valla nostra !

Beneyt soit li bon veisin,
Qui nus dune payn & vin,
Carne sumpta !

E la dame de la maison,
Ki nus fait chere real,
Jà ne pusse elle par mal,
Esse ceca !

Mut nus done volenters,
Bons beiveres & bon mangers,
Meuz waut que autres muliers,
Hec predicta.

Ore beworn al deryen,
Par meitez & par pleyn,
Que nus ne secun demayn
Gens misera !

Ne nostre tonel nus ne fut,
Kar plein est de bon frut,
E si ert tu à nuit.

Puerpera. Amen.

v.

ANGLO-NORMAN CAROL.

(Wright's Carols, p. 1, from MS. Bib. Reg. 16, E viii., and in
Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare.)

SEIGNORS ore entendez a nus,
De loinz sumes venuz a wous,
Pur quere Noel ;
Car l'em nus dit que en cest hostel
Soleit tenir sa feste anuel
Ahi, cest iur.

Deu doint a tuz icels joie d'amurs
Qui a danz Noel ferunt honors !

Seignors jo vus dis por veir,
Ke danz Noel ne velt aveir
Si joie non ;
E repleni sa maison,
De payn, de char, e de peison,
Por faire honor,
Deu doint a tuz ces joie d'amur !

Seignors, il est crie en l'ost,
Que cil qui despent bien, e tost,
E largement ;
E fet les granz honors sovent,
Deu li duble quanque il despent
Por faire honor
Deu doint a.

Seignors, escriez les malveis,
Car vus nel les troverez jameis

De bone part :

Botun, batun, ferun groinard,
Car tot dis a le quer cunard

Por faire honor,

Deu doint. . . .

Noel beyt bein li vin Engleis,
E li Gascoin, & li Franceys,
E l'Angevin.

Noel fait beivere son veisin,
Si qu'il se dort, le chief enclin,
Sovent le jor.

Deu doint a tuz cels. . . .

Seignors, jo vus di par Noel,
E par li sires de cest hostel,
Car bevez ben :

E jo primes beverai le men,
E pois après chescon le soen,
Par mon conseil ;

Si jo vus di trestoz, 'Wesseyl !'
Dehaiz eit qui ne dirra, 'Drincheyl !'

VI.

Free translation of the same, (from Douce's Illustrations,
ed. 1839, pp. 448-9.)

LORDINGS, from a distant home,
To seek old Christmas we are come,

Who loves our minstrelsy ?
And here, unless report mis-say,
The grey-beard dwells ; and on this day
Keeps yearly wassel, ever gay,
With festive mirth and glee.
To all who honour Christmas and commend our lays,
Love will his blessing send, and crown with joy their
[days.

Lordings, list, for we tell you true,
Christmas loves the jolly crew
That cloudy care defy :
His liberal board is deftly spread
With manchet loaves and wastel-bread ;
His guests with fish and flesh are fed,
Nor lack the stately pye.

Lordings, you know that far and near
The saying is, “ Who gives good cheer,
And freely spends his treasure ;
On him will bounteous heaven bestow
Twice treble blessings here below,
His happy hours shall sweetly flow
In never-ceasing pleasure.”

Lordings, believe us, knaves abound ;
In every place are flatterers found ;
May all their arts be vain !
But chiefly from these scenes of joy
Chase sordid souls that mirth annoy,
And all who with their base alloy
Turn pleasure into pain.

Christmas quaffs our English wines,
 Nor Gascoigne juice, nor French declines,
 Nor liquor of Anjou :
 He puts th' insidious goblet round,
 Till all the guests in sleep are drown'd,
 Then wakes 'em with the tabor's sound,
 And plays the prank anew.

Lordings, it is our host's command,
 And Christmas joins him hand in hand,
 To drain the brimming bowl :
 And I'll be foremost to obey ;
 Then pledge me, sirs, and drink away,
 For Christmas revels here to day,
 And sways without control.

Now wassel to you all ! and merry may ye be !
 But foul that wight befall, who drinks not health to
 me.

VII.

(Vespasian, A. xxv. 142, ro.)

THERE is no tre that growe
 On earthe, that I do knowe,
 More worthie praise, I trowe,
 Then is the vyne :
 Whos grapes, as ye maye wende,
 Theire licoure forthe dothe shede.
 Whereof is made indede,
 All our good wyne.

And wyne ye maye trust me
 Causethe men for to be
 Merie, for so ye se

His nature is.

Then put aside all wrathe,
 For David shewed us hathe,
 Vinū letificat

Cor hominis.

Wyne taken wth excesse,
 As scripture dothe expres,
 Causethe great hevines

Unto the mynde.

But theie that take pleasure,
 To drinke it wth measure,
 No doute a great treasure

They shall it finde.

Then voide you all sadnes,
 Drinke youre wine with gladnes,
 To take thought is madnes,

And marke well this ;

And put aside all wrathe,
 For David showde us hathe,
 Vinū letificat cor hominis.

Howe bringe ye that to pas,
 Cordis jocunditas,
 Is nowe and eū was

The life of man.

Sithe that mirth hathe no peare,
Then let us make good cheare,
And be you merie heare

While that you can.

And drinke well of this wyne,
While it is good and fyne,
And shewe some outwarde syne
Of joye and blisse.

Expell from you all wrathe,
For David shewed us hathe,
Vinū letificat

Cor hominis.

This thinge full well ye ken,
Hevenes dullethe men,
But take this medicien then

Where eu'r ye come.

Refreshe your self therwith,
For it was saide long sithe,
That vinū acuit,

Ingeniū.

Then geve not a cherie
For sider nor perrye ;
Wyne makethe man merie,

Ye knowe well this.

Then put aside all wrathe,
For David shewed us hathe,
Vinū letificat

Cor hominis

In hope to have release
Of all our hevines,
And mirthe for to encrease,
Sumdele the more.

Pulsemus organa
Simull cū cythera,
Vinū et musica
Vegitabit cor.

But sorowe care & strife,
Shortnethe the daies of life,
Bothe of man & of wife,
It will not mis.

Then put aside all wrathe,
For David shewd us hathe,
Vinū letifica
Cor hominis.

A merie harte in cage
Makethe a lustie age,
As tellethe us the sage,
Cuer for the noynes.

Becase we should delight
In mirth bothe daie and night ;
He saythe an hevie freight
Drieth up the bones.

Wherefore let us alwaies
Rejoyce in God, I saye,
Our mirth cannot decay
If we do this.

And put aside all wrathe,

For David shewed us hathe,

Vinū letificat

Cor hominis.

Nowe, ye that be presente,

Laude God omnipotente,

That hathe us geven and sent

Our dailie foode.

When thorowe sinne were slane,

He sent his son againe,

Us to redeme from pane

By his swete bloude.

And he is the trewe vyne,

From whom distilde the wine,

That bought your soules and myne,

You know well this.

Then put asid all wrathe,

For David shewed us hathe,

Vinū letificat,

Cor hominis.

VIII.

THE GOOD GOSSIPES SONGE.

(From Chester Plays—Shakespeare Society's Ed., by Wright,
p. 53. Noah's Flood.)

THE flude comes flittinge in full faste,

One every syde that spreades full farre ;

For feare of drowninge I am agaste ;
 Good gossippes, lett us drawe nere ;
 And lett us drinke or we departe,
 For ofte tymes we have done soe ;
 For att a draughte thou drinkes a quarte,
 And soe will I doe or I goe.
 Heare is a pottill full of Malmsine good and stronge,
 Itt will rejoyce boath harte and tonge ;
 Though Noye thinke us never so longe,
 Heare we will drinke alike.

IX.

(From Songs and Carols of the fifteenth century, by Wright,
 Percy edit. pp. 2-3.)

Semper vivit misere, qui non habet solvere.

BONUM vinum cum sapore
 Bybit abbas cum priore ;
 Sed conventus de pejore
 Semper solet bibere.

Bonum vinum in taberna,
 Ubi vina sunt valarna,
 Ubi nummus est pincerna,
 Ibi prodest bibere.

Dum vadis ad bibendum,
 Te festina ad videndum
 Quantum habes ad solvendum,
 Antequam vis bibere.

Sis amicus mulieris,
Et amorem ejus queris,
Stabis foras, misereris,
Dum non habes solvere.

Dum burse sunt implete,
Sicut hospes hic manete,
Panem, potum hic habete,
Et omnia pacifice.

Dum burse sunt inanes,
Latrat hospes velut canes,
Dicet hospes, Cur hic manes,
Dum non habes solvere?

Dum cares querens victum,
Tunc tuum scies delictum;
Quis tibi dabit vestitum?
Nullus vult te tegere.

Et tunc dicet totus mundus,
Tu fuisti vacabundus,
Inonestusque jocundus,
Bonis volens credere.

Ergo Deum deprecare,
Ut te possis sperare,
Et secum celo regnare,
Ibi non debes luere.

X.

There is also a copy, not so complete, in Harl. MS., 541, and printed in Ritson's Ancient Songs.

(Ibid. page 63.)

BRYNG us in good ale, and bryng us in good ale ;
 For our blyssyd Lady sak, bryng us in good ale.
 Bryng us in no browne bred, fore that is mad of brane,
 Nor bryng us in no whyt bred, fore therein is no game.
 But bryng us in good ale.
 Bryng us in no befe, for ther is many bonys,
 But bryng us in good ale, for that goth downe at onys ;
 And bryng us in good ale.
 Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fate,
 But bryng us in god ale, and gyfe us i-nought of that ;
 And bryng us in good ale.
 Bryng us in no mutton, for that is often lene,
 Nor bryng us in no tryfes, for thei be syldom clene,
 But bryng us in good ale.
 Bryng us in no eggys, for ther ar many schelles,
 But bryng us in good ale, and gyfe us no(th)yng ellys,
 And bryng us in good ale.
 Bryng us in no butter, for therin ar many herys ;
 Nor bryng us in no pygges flesch, for that will make
 us borys ;
 But bryng us in good ale.
 Bryng us in no podynges, for therin is al Godes good ;
 Nor bryng us in no venesen, for that is not for our blod ;
 But bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in nō capons flesch, for that is ofte der ;
 Nor bryng us in no dokes flesche, for thei slober in
 the mer ;
 But bryng us in good ale.

XI.

(Ibid. pp. 81-2.)

DOLL thi ale, doll, doll thi ale, dole,
 Ale make many a mane to have a doty poll.
 Ale mak many a mane to styk at a brere ;
 Ale mak many a mane to ly in the myere ;
 And ale mak many a mane to slep by the fyere ;
 With doll.
 Ale mak many a mane to stombyl at a stone ;
 Ale mak many a mane to go dronken home ;
 And ale mak many a mane to brek hys tone ;
 With doll.
 Ale mak many a mane to draw hys knyfe ;
 Ale mak many a mane to mak gret stryfe ;
 And ale mak many a mane to bet hys wyf ;
 With dole.
 Ale mak many a mane to wet hys chekes ;
 Ale mak many a mane to ly in the stretes ;
 And ale mak many a mane to wet hys shetes ;
 With dole.
 Ale mak many a mane to stombyll at the blokkes ;
 Ale mak many a mane to mak his hed have knokkes ;
 And ale mak many a mane to syt in the stokkes ;
 With dol.

Ale mak many a mane to ryne over the falows ;
 Ale mak many a mane to swere by God and Allhallows ;
 And ale mak many a mane to hang upon the galows ;
 With doll.

XII.

A CHRISTENMESSE CARROLL.

Sixteenth Century.

(Wright's Carols, No. xxix—from MS. Cott. Vesp. A. xxv.,
 fol. 168. v^o.)

A BONNE, God wote !
 Sticke in my throate,
 Without I have a draught
 Of cornie aile,
 Nappy and staile,
 My lyffe lyes in great wauste.
 Some ayle or beare,
 Gentill butlere,
 Some lycoure thou hus showe,
 Such as you mashe,
 Our throtes to washe,
 The best were that yow brew.

Saint, master, and knight,
 That saint Mault hight,
 Were prest between two stones ;
 That swet humour
 Of his lycoure
 Would make us sing at once.

Mr. Wortley,
 I dar well say,
 I tell you as I thinke,
 Would not, I say,
 Byd hus this day,
 But that we shuld have drink.

His men so tall,
 Walkes up his hall,
 With many a comly dishe;
 Of his good meat
 I cannot eate,
 Without a drink i-wysse;
 Now gyve hus drink,
 And let cat wynke,
 I tell you all at once,
 Yt stickes so sore,
 I may sing no more,
 Tyll I have dronken once.

XIII.

WASSAIL SONG.

The following is one of the oldest Wassail Songs, and is sung by Dissimulation, personating Simon of Swynsett, in Kynge Johan, by Bale, about 1550, when offering the poisoned cup. After he has given the cup, he says:—

“The dayes of your lyfe never felt ye suche a cuppe,
 So good and so holsome, if ye would drynke it upp:

It passeth Malmesaye, Capryck, Tyre, or Ypocras ;
 By my faythe I thynke a better drynke never was."
 (Camden Society's edn., pp. 80-1.)

WASSAYLE, wassayle, out of the milke payle,
 Wassayle, wassayle as whyte as my nayle,
 Wassayle, wassayle in snowe, froste, and hayle,
 Wassayle, wassayle with partriche and rayle,
 Wassayle, wassayle that muche doth avayle,
 Wassayle, wassayle that never wyll fayle.

XIV.

A DRINKING SONG.

(Reliq. Antiq. vol. i., page 324, from MS. Cotton. Vespas.
 A. xxv., of the time of Henry VIII.)

FYLL the cuppe, Phylpe, and let us drynke a drame
 Ons or twyse abowte the howse, and leave where we
 began.

I drynke to yow, sweteharte, soo muche as here is in,
 Desyeringe yow to followe me, and doo as I begin.

And yf yow wille not pledge,

Yow shalle bere the blame ;

I drynke to yow with all my harte,

Yf yow will pledge me the same.

XV.

(From an old Comedy called *Common Conditions*, published about 1570. A sea-song by pirates, perhaps the oldest of the kind in English. Collier's History of Dramatic Poetry, ii. 380-1.)

LUSTELY, lustely, lustely let us saile forthe,
 The winde trim doth serve us, it blowes from the north.
 All thinges we have ready, and nothing we want,
 To furnish our ship that rideth hereby ;
 Victals and weapons thei be nothing skant,
 Like worthie mariners ourselves we will trie.

Lustely, lustely, &c.

Her flagges be new trimmed, set flanting alofte,
 Our ship for swift swimmyng, oh, she doeth excell ;
 Wee feare no enemies, we have escaped them ofte ;
 Of all ships that swimmeth she beareth the bell.

Lustely, lustely, &c.

And here is a maister excelleth in skill,
 And our maisters mate he is not to seeke ;
 And here is a boteswaine will do his good will,
 And here is a ship boye, we never had leeke.

Lustely, lustely, &c.

If fortune then faile not, and our next voiage prove,
 Wee will returne merely and make good cheare,
 And holde all together as friends linkt in love,
 The cannes shal be filled with wine, ale, and beere.

Lustely, lustely, &c.

XVI.

(From Skelton's Works, Dyce's edn., i—vii—x. n.) Stated by him to be from a MS. in his possession, and of older date than Gammer Gurton's Needle. It is also much longer than the well-known drinking song there.

BACKE & syde goo bare, goo bare,
Bothe hande & fote goo colde;
But belly God sende the good ale inowghe,
Whether it be newe or olde.

But yf that I
Maye have trewly
Goode ale my belly full,
I shall looke lyke one,
By swete sainte Johnn,
Were shoron agaynste the woole.
Thowthe I goo bare,
Take yow no care,
I am nothyng colde;
I stuffe my skynne
So full within,
Of joly goode ale & olde.

I cannot eate
But lytyll meate,
My stomacke ys not goode,
But sure I thyncke,
That I cowde dryncke
With hym that werythe an hoode.

Dryncke ys my lyfe,
Althowgthe my wyfe
Some time do chyde & scolde,
Yete spare I not
To plye the potte
Of joly goode ale & olde.
Backe & syde, &c.

I love noo roste
But a browne toste,
Or a crabbe in the fyer;
A lytyll breade
Shall do me steade,
Mooche breade I never desyer.
Nor froste, nor snowe,
Nor wynde, I trow,
Canne hurte me yf hyt wolde;
I am so wrapped
Within & lapped
With joly goode ale & olde.
Backe & syde, &c.

I care ryte nowghte,
I take no thowte
For clothes to kepe me warme;
Have I goode dryncke,
I surely thyncke
Nothyng canne do me harme.
For trwly than
I feare no man,

Be he never so bolde,
When I am armed
And throwly warmed
With joly good ale & olde.
Backe & syde, &c.

But nowe and than
I curse and banne,
They make ther ale so small ;
God geve them care,
And evil to faare,
They strye the malte & all.
Sooche pevisshe pewe,
I tell yowe trwe,
Not for a c(r)ovne of golde,
Ther commethe one syppe
Within my lyppe,
Whether hyt be newe or old.
Backe & syde, &c.

Good ale & stronge,
Makethe me amonge
Full joconde and full lyte,
That ofte I slepe,
And take no kepe,
Frome mornynge untill nyte ;
Then starte I uppe,
And fle to the cuppe,
The ryte waye on I holde,
My thurste to staunche,
I fyll my paynche

With joly goode ale and olde.
Backe & syde, &c.

And Kytte, my wyfe,
That as her lyfe
Lovethe well good ale to seke,
Full ofte drynkythe she,
That ye maye se
The tears ronne downe her cheke.
Then dothe she troule
To me the bolle,
As a goode malte worme sholde ;
And saye, swete harte,
I have take my parte
Of joly goode ale and olde.
Backe & syde, &c.

They that do dryncke
Tyll they nodde and wyncke,
Even as good fellowes shulde do,
They shall notte mysse
To have the blysse
That good ale hathe browghte them to.
And all poore soules,
That skowre blacke bolles,
And them hathe lustely trowlde,
God save the lyves,
Of them and ther wyves,
Whether they be yonge or olde.
Backe & syde, &c.

XVII.

SONG.

(Beloe's Anecdotes, vol. ii. pp. 1-2, from the Interlude of Tom Tyler and his Wife. Garrick Collection, original edn., 1598.)

LET us sip, and let it slip,
And go which way it will a ;
Let us trip, and let us skip,
And let us drink our fill a.

Take the cup, and drink all up,
Give me the can to fill a ;
Every sup, and every cup,
Hold here, and my good will a.

Gossip mine, and gossip thine,
Now let us gossip still a ;
Here is good wine, this ale is fine ;
Now drink of which you will a.

Round about, till all be out,
I pray you let us swill a,
This jolly grout is jolly and stout,
I pray you stout it still a.

Let us laugh, and let us quaff,
Good drinkers think none ill a ;
Here is your bag, here is your staffe,
Be packing to the mill a.

XVIII.

(Song from the Thracian Wonder, by Webster and Rowley, Act ii,) sung by Tityrus, a shepherd, dressed as Janus, with a coat girt to him, a white beard and hair, a hatchet in one hand, a bowl in the other.

Now does jolly Janus greet your merriment ;
 For since the world's creation
 I never changed my fashion ;
 'Tis good enough to fence the cold :
 My hatchet serves to cut my firing yearly,
 My bowl preserves the juice of grape and barley :
 Fire, wine, and strong beer, makes me live so long here,
 To give the merry new year a welcome in.

All the potent powers of plenty wait upon
 You that intend to be frolic to-day :
 To Bacchus I commend ye, and Ceres eke attend ye,
 To keep encroaching cares away.
 That Boreas' blasts may never blow to harm you ;
 Nor Hiems' frosts, but give you cause to warm you :
 Old father Janevere drinks a health to all here,
 To give the merry new year a welcome in.

XIX.

SONG.

End of Sixteenth Century.

(From the Rape of Lucrece, by T. Heywood, sung by Valerius,
 Act iii, sc. 1.)

There is a song in the Percy Society's edition of Songs and

Ballads of London Apprentices, page 31, called London's Ordinary, which is similar to this, but thrice the length—the same is also in Evans 1-166, and in Roxburgh Ballads, British Museum, 2-291.

THE gentry to the King's Head,
The nobles to the Crown,
The knights unto the Golden Fleece,
And to the Plough the clown.
The church-man to the Mitre,
The shepherd to the Star,
The gardener hies him to the Rose,
To the Drum the man of war;
To the Feathers, ladies, you; the Globe
The sea-man doth not scorn:
The usurer to the Devil, and
The townsman to the Horn.
The huntsman to the White Hart,
To the Ship the merchants go,
But you that do the muses love,
The sign called River Po.
The banquerout to the World's End,
The fool to the Fortune hie,
Unto the Mouth the oyster wife,
The fiddler to the Pie.
The punk unto the Cockatrice,
The drunkard to the Vine,
The beggar to the Bush, then meet,
And with Duke Humphrey dine.

XX.

SONG.

(From *Mother Bombie*, by John Lyly, about the end of the sixteenth Century, printed in 1594. Act ii, sc. 2.) The "Omnes" are four servants, Dromio, Risio, Halfpenny, and Lucio.

Omnes. Io, Bacchus ! to thy table
Thou call'st every drunken rabble ;
We already are stiff drinkers,
Then seal us for thy jolly skinckers.

Drom. Wine, O wine,
O juice divine !

Ris. How dost thou the nowle refine.
Plump thou mak'st men's ruby faces,
And from girls can fetch embraces.

Half. By thee our noses swell
With sparkling carbuncle.

Luc. O the dear blood of grapes
Turns us to antic shapes,
Now to show tricks like apes.

Drom. Now lion-like to roar,

Ris. Now goatishly to whore,

Half. Now hogishly i' th' mire,

Luc. Now flinging hats i' th' fire.

Omnes. Io, Bacchus ! at thy table,
Make us of thy reeling rabble.

XXI.

SONG.

(From Anthony and Cleopatra, ii, 7.)

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round.

XXII.

(From Roxburgh Ballads, British Museum, 2-82.) *The Country
Farmer's Vain-glory*; in a new song of

HARVEST HOME.

Together with an *Answer** to their indecent behaviour. Sung to
a new tune, much in request. Licensed according to order.

OUR oats they are how'd, and our barley's reap'd,
Our hay it is mow'd and our hovel's heap'd;
Harvest home, harvest home,
We'll merrily roar our harvest home,
Harvest home, harvest home;
We'll merrily roar our harvest home,
We'll merrily roar our harvest home.

* The Answer is omitted.

We cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again ;
For why should the vicar have one in ten,
One in ten, one in ten,
For why should the vicar have one in ten ?
For why should, &c.

For staying while dinner is cold and hot,
And pudding and dumpling's burnt to pot,
Burnt to pot, burnt to pot,
Till pudding and dumpling's burnt to th' pot,
Burnt to pot, &c.

We'll drink off our liquor while we can stand,
And hey for the honour of old England,
Old England, old England,
And hey for the honour of old England,
Old England, &c.

XXIII.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

(Chappell's Collection, 2-65, from Ben Jonson.)

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be :
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when, it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee !

XXIV.

SONG BY THE BOY.

(From *Valentinian*, by Beaumont and Fletcher. Act v, sc. 8.)
In the banquet of Maximus.

God Lyœus, ever young,
Ever honour'd, ever sung,
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim ;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine :
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear !

XXV.

SONG.

(From the Bloody Brothers, or Rollo, Duke of Normandy, by Fletcher, act ii, sc. 2.) The last lines are similar to a convivial chorus still in vogue.

By the Cook and his Companions.

DRINK to-day, and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow :
Best, while you have it, use your breath ;
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it :
It helps the head-ache, cough, and tisie,
And is for all diseases physie.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health ;
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth ;
And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October.

XXVI.

SONG.

(From the Spanish Curate, by Fletcher, act iii, sc. 2.) Sung by the Parishioners on their reconciliation with the Curate, who had threatened to leave them on account of their poverty.

LET the bells ring, and let the boys sing,
The young lasses skip and play :
Let the cups go round, till round goes the ground,
Our learned old vicar will stay.

Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah,
And let the fat goose swim ;
For verily, verily, verily, ah,
Our vicar this day shall be trim.

The stew'd cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow ;
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake
Of onions and claret below.

Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat
To thee our most noble adviser ;
Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall sweat,
And we ourselves will be wiser.

We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll drink,
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker ;
We'll fall to our plough, and get children enow,
And thou shalt be learned old vicar.

XXVII.

SONG.

(From the Woman's Prize, by Fletcher. Act ii, sc. 6.) Sung
within by female characters.

A HEALTH for all this day,
To the woman that bears the sway,
And wears the breeches.

Let it come, let it come !

Let this health be a seal,
 For the good of the common weal,
 The woman shall wear the breeches !
 Let's drink then, and laugh it,
 And merrily, merrily quaff it,
 And tipple, and tipple a round.

 Here's to thy fool,
 And to my fool ;
 Come, to all fools,
 Though it cost us, wench, many a pound.

 XXVIII.

SONG BY THE CORPORAL AND WATCH.

(From the Knight of Malta, by Beaumont and Fletcher.
 Act iii, sc. 1.)

SIT, soldiers, sit and sing, the round is clear,
 And cock-a-loodle-loo tells us the day is near :
 Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
 Drink, laugh, and sing ; the soldier has no fellow.

To thee a full pot, my little lanceprisado,
 And when thou hast done, a pipe of Trinidado ;
 Our glass of life runs wine, the vintner shrinks it,
 Whilst with his wife the frolic soldier drinks it.

The drums beat, ensigns wave, and cannons thump it ;
 Our game is ruff, and the best heart doth trump it :
 Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
 Drink, laugh, and sing ; the soldier has no fellow.

I'll pledge thee, my corporal, were it a flagon ;
 After, watch fiercer than George did the dragon :
 What blood we lose i' the town, we gain i' the tuns ;
 Furr'd gowns and flat caps give the wall to guns :
 Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
 Drink, laugh and sing ; the soldier has no fellow.

 XXIX.

THREE MANS SONG.

(Evans's old Ballads, i, 236-7. From "The Shoemaker's
 Holiday," 1600.)

COLD's the wind, and wet's the rain,
 Saint Hugh be our good speed :
 Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
 Nor helps good hearts in need.

Trowl the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
 And here, kind mate, to thee,
 Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
 And down it merrily.

Down a down, hey down a down,
Hey derry, derry, down a down,
Ho, well done, to me let come,
Ring compass gentle joy.

Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee,
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed,
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

XXX.

(From a Mad World my Masters, by Middleton.) The catch
for the fifth act, sung by Sir Bounteous Progress to his guests.

O FOR a bowl of fat canary,
Rich Aristippus, sparkling sherry !
Some nectar else from Juno's dairy ;
O these draughts would make us merry.

O for a wench ! I deal in faces,
And in other daintier things ;
Tickled am I with her embraces ;
Fine dancing in such fairy rings !

O for a plump fat leg of mutton,
 Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and cony !
 None is happy but a glutton,
 None an ass but who wants money.

Wines, indeed, and girls are good,
 For brave victuals feast the blood ;
 For wenches, wine, and lusty cheer,
 Jove would come down to surfeit here.

 XXXI.

A BRIEFE DISCOURSE

OF THE TRUE BUT NEGLECTED USE OF CHARACT'RING
 THE DEGREES, ETC.

(From Thomas Ravenscroft, 1614.)

TRUDGE away quickly and fill the black bole,
 Devoutly as long as wee bide,
 Now welcome, good fellowes, both strangers and all,
 Let madnes and mirth set sadnes aside.

Of all reckonings I love good cheere,
 With honest folkes in company ;
 And when drinke comes my part for to beare,
 For still me thinks one tooth is drye.

Love is a pastime for a king,
If one be seene in phisnomie ;
But I love well this pot to wring,
For still me thinks one tooth is drye.

Masters, this is all my desire,
I woulde no drinke should passe us by ;
Let us now sing and mend the fier,
For still me thinks one tooth is drye.

Mr. Butler, give us a taste
Of your best drinke so gently :
A jugge or twaine, and make no waste,
For still me thinks one tooth is drye.

Mr. Butler, of this take part,
Ye love good drinke as well as I ;
And drinke to mee with all your hart,
For still me thinks one tooth is drye.

Cho. Trudge away quickly, &c.

Now welcome good fellowes, &c.

XXXII.

(From the same.)

Cho. Tosse the pot, tosse the pot, let us be merry,
And drinke till our cheeks be red as a cherry.

We take no thought, we have no care,
For still we spend, and never spare,
Till of all money our pursse is bare,
We ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, &c.

We drinke, carouse with hart most free,
A harty draught I drinke to thee ;
Then fill the pot again to me,
And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, &c.

And when our mony is all spent,
Then sell our goods and spend our rent,
Or drinke it up with one consent,
And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, &c.

When all is gone we have no more,
Then let us set it on the score,
Or chalke it up behinde the dore,
And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, &c.

And when our credit is all lost,
Then may we goe and kisse the post,
And eat browne bread in steed of rost,
And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, &c.

Let us conclude as we began,
 And tosse the pot from man to man,
 And drinke as much now as we can,
 And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Tosse the pot, tosse the pot, let us be merry,
 And drinke till our cheeks be as red as a cherry.

XXXIII.

(From the same. Deuteromelia, 1609.)

WEE be souldiers three,
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,
 Lately come forth of the Low Country,
 With never a penny of money.
 Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Here, good fellow, I drinke to thee,
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,
 To all good fellowes where ever they be,
 With never a penny of mony.

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,
 Payes for the shot what ever it is,
 With never a penny of mony.

Charge it againe boy, charge it againe,
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,
 As long as there is any incke in thy pen,
 With never a penny of mony.

XXXIV.

(From the same.)

MARTIN said to his man,
 Fie man, fie, O,
 Martin said to his man,
 Who's the foole now?
 Martin said to his man,
 Fill thou the cup and I the can,
 Thou hast well drunken, man,
 Who's the foole now?

I see a sheepe shering corne,
 Fie man, fie :
 I see a sheepe shearing corne,
 Who's the foole now?
 I see a sheepe shearing corne,
 And a couckold blow his horne,
 Thou hast well drunken, man,
 Who's the foole now?

I see a man in the moone,
 Fie man, fie :

I see a man in the moone,
Who's the foole now ?
I see a man in the moone,
Clowting of Saint Peter's shoone.
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who's the fool now ?

I see a hare chase a hound,
Fie man, fie :
I see a hare chase a hound,
Who's the foole now ?
I see a hare chase a hound,
Twenty mile above the ground,
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who's the foole now ?

I see a goose ring a hog,
Fie man, fie :
I see a goose ring a hog,
Who's the foole now ?
I see a goose ring a hog,
And a snayle that did bite a dog.
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who's the fool now ?

I see a mouse catch the cat,
Fie man, fie :
I see a mouse catch the cat,
Who's the foole now ?

I see a mouse catch the cat,
 And the cheese to eate the rat.
 Thou hast well drunken, man,
 Who's the foole now ?

XXXV.

(From the same.)

This Song is similar in effect to the Barley Mow Song, printed in Specimens of Cornish dialect, where the successive verses increase from the nipperkin to the ocean, each repeating all the previous ones.

GIVE us once a drinke for and the black bole,
 Sing gentle butler *balla moy* ;
 For and the black bole,
 Sing gentle butler *balla moy*.

Give us once a drinke for and the pint pot,
 Sing gentle butler *balla moy* ;
 The pint pot,
 For and the black bole, &c.

Give us once a drinke for and the quart pot,
 Sing gentle butler *balla moy* ;
 The quart pot, the pint pot,
 For and the black bole, &c.

Give us once a drinke for and the pottle pot,
 Sing gentle butler *balla moy* :

The pottle pot, the quart pot, the pint pot,
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us once a drinke for and the gallon pot,
Sing gentle butler *balla moy*;
The gallon pot, the pottle pot, the quart pot, the
pint pot,
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us once a drinke for and the verkin,
Sing gentle butler *balla moy*;
The verkin, the gallon pot, the pottle pot, the quart
pot, the pint pot,
For and the black bole, &c.

Give us kilderkin, &c. Give us barrell, &c. Give us
hogshead, &c.
Give us pipe, &c. Give us butt, &c. Give us the
tunne, &c.

XXXVI.

(Additional MS., 5-336, from Pammelia, by Ravenscroft.)

LET's have a peal for John Cooke's soul,
For he was an honest man ;
With bells all in order, the cruse with the black
bowl,
The tankard likewise with the can.

And I, mine own self, will ring the treble bell,
 And drink to you every one ;
 Stand fast now my mates, sing merrily and well,
 Till all this good ale is gone.

 XXXVII.

SONG.

(Nicholl's Progresses of King James III, 293-4. From R. White's Masque of Cupid's Banishment,) presented to Her Majesty at Deptford, May 4th, 1617.

Enter a grand Bacchus, skipping in with a belly as bigg as a kinderkin, in a flesh-coloured buckram, with a wreath of vine-leaves aboute his head, a red swolne face full of pimples, with a base lute in his hand, singing and describing the ante-maske, all of Bacchus' children. He describes them particularly as they come forth.

THE SONGE.

BACCHUS, at thy call,
 They here come marchinge roundly,
 That will not flinch at all,
 But take their liquor soundly ;
 They'll do their parts, they'll drinke whole quarts,
 A pinte with them is but a swallow ;
 They'll nere give ore till the welkin rore,
 The house runn round, and the sky looke yellow.

Enter four Bacchanalians.

Bacchus' children come,
 And at their backes they've barrells,

With bellies like a tun,
Mull'd sacke shall end all quarrels.

The drunke Fencer.

Next Swash appears, who stormes and sweares,
If that they bring not better wine,
The potts he'll maule against the wall,
He'll beate my host and breake his signe.

The Ape drunkard.

Another drunkard skipps,
Whose head is like a feather,
He'll show as many trickes
As your ape (and) baboone together.

The drunke Fidler.

The Fidler's croud now squeakes aloud,
His fidlinge stringes begin to trole ;
He loves a wake and a wedding-cake,
A bride-house and a brave may-pole.

The drunke Tinker.

Next the roringe Tinker,
As furious as a dragon ;
He swears he'll be no flincher,
His carowse is but a flagon ;
Hee loves his punke, but when he's drunke,
His muddy braynes well mull'd with liquor,
He then will rore and call hir whore,
And out of doores hee sweares he'll kicke her.

The weeping drunk.

Armed all with claret,
The weeping drunkard next,

Hee's very sorry for it,
His soule is sore perplext.
These are the crew of drunkards trew,
That do belong to Bacchus' court ;
Soon see you shall their humors all,
Yf you marke awhile theire drunken sporte.

Bacchus at thy call,
They here come marching roundly,
That will not flinch at all,
But take their liquor soundly ;
They'll do their parts, they'll drinke whole quarts,
A pint with them is but a swallow ;
They'll nere give ore till the welkin rore,
The house runn round, and the sky looke yellow.

XXXVIII.

(From Aristippus, by J. Randolph, about 1630.)

WE care not for money, riches, or wealth,
Old sack is our money, old sack is our health.
Then let's flock hither,
Like birds of a feather,
To drink, to fling,
To laugh and sing,
Conferring our notes together,
Conferring our notes together.

Come let us laugh, let us drink, let us sing,
 The Winter with us is as good as the Spring.
 We care not a feather
 For winde, or for weather,
 But night and day
 We sport and play,
 Conferring our notes together,
 Conferring our notes together.

 XXXIX.

(From the Sun's Darling, by Ford, act iv, sc. 1.)

FOLLY SINGS.

CAST away care ! he that loves sorrow
 Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to-morrow ;
 Money is trash ; and he that will spend it,
 Let him drink merrily, fortune will send it.

Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh, ho !

Play it off stifly ; we may not part so.

Chor. Merrily &c.

[*They drink.*]

Wine is a charm, it heats the blood too,
 Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too,
 Quickens the wit, and makes the back able,
 Scorns to submit to the watch or constable,
 Merrily, &c.

Pots fly about, give us more liquor,
Brothers of a rout, our brains will flow quicker ;
Empty the cask ; score up, we care not ;
Fill all the pots again, drink on and spare not.
Merrily, &c.

XL.

SACK FOR MY MONEY.

The tune is "Wet and Weary."

(From Collier's Roxburghe Ballads, 177-182. Said to be probably of the time of James the First. Roxburghe Ballads, British Museum, ii, 408-9.)

Good fellows all, both great and small,
Rejoice at this my ditty ;
Whilst I do sing, good newes I bring
To the countrey and the city :
Let every lad and lass be glad,
(For who will true love smother ?)
And being here, my joy and dear,
We'll kindly kiss each other.
The purest wine, so brisk and fine,
The alligant and sherry,
I hold it good to purge the blood,
And make the senses merry.
'Tis sparkling sack that binds the back,
And cherishes the heart, boys,

For recompence just eighteen-pence
You must give for a quart, boys :
Away with beer and such like geer,
That makes our spirits muddy,
For wine compleat will do the feat
That we all notes can study.
The purest wine, &c.

Rich malligo, is pure, I know,
To purge out melancholly,
And he that's sick it cureth quick,
And makes their senses jolly :
It rarefies the dullest eyes
Of those that are most paler,
And bravely can compose a man
Of a very prick-lows taylor.
The richest wine, &c.

The meereft fool shall teach a school,
By claret's operation,
And make some fight, like men of might,
Or champions of a nation :
It is more fine then brandewine,
The butterboxes potion,
Who drinking dares, in Neptune's wars,
Reign master of the ocean.
Canary sack makes firm the back ;
Both alligant and sherry,
Are proved good to clear the blood,
And make the senses merry.

A longing lass, whose custard face
Her inward grief discloses,
With drinking wine, so sweet and fine,
Will gain a pair of roses :
It doth revive dead folks alive,
And helps their former weakness ;
It is so pure, that it doth cure
A maiden of her sickness.

This Rhenish wine, &c.

The drawer still the same shall fill,
To elevate the heart, boys ;
For Rhenish gay, you now must pay
Just twelve pence for a quart, boys.
Who would be ty'de to brewers side,
Whose measures do so vary,
When we may sit, to raise our wit,
With drinking of canary ?

The purest wine, &c.

The French wine pure, for seven pence, sure,
You shall have choice and plenty,
At this same rate to drink in plate,
Which is both good and dainty :
A maunding cove that doth it love,
'Twill make him dance and caper,
And Captain Puff will have enuff
To make him brag and vapor.
The purest wine, so brisk and fine,
The alligant and sherry,

I hold it good to purge the blood,
And make the senses merry.

And also we that do agree,
As one for boon good fellows,
We'll sing and laugh, and stoutly quaff,
And quite renounce the alehouse ;
For ale and beer are both now dear,
The price is raised in either ;
Then let us all, both great and small,
To th' tavern walk together.

The purest wine, &c.

The tradesmen may at any day,
For their own recreation,
Be welcome still to Ralph or Will,
And have accommodation ;
For why, their coyn will buy the wine
And cause a running barrel ;
But if you're drunk, your wits are sunk,
And gorrill'd guts will quarrel.

The purest wine, &c.

The cobbler fast will stay the last,
For he's a lusty drinker ;
He'll pawn his soul to have a bowl,
To drink to Tom the tinker :
The broom man he will be as free,
To drink courageous flashes ;
If cole grow scant, before he'll want,
He'll burn his brooms to ashes.

The purest wine, so brisk and fine,
The alligant and sherry,
I hold is best to give us rest,
Or make the senses merry.

The fidling crowd that grow so proud,
Will pawn their pipes and fiddles,
They'll strike and crack with bowls of sack,
And cut the queerest widdles ;
They'll rant and tear like men of war,
Their voyces roar like thunder,
And growing curst their fiddles burst,
And break 'um all asunder.

The purest wine, &c.

The country blades with their own maids,
At every merry meeting,
For ale and cakes at their town wakes,
Which they did give their sweetings,
Upon their friend a crown will spend,
In sack that is so trusty ;
'Twill please a maid that is decay'd,
And make a booby lusty.
Be rul'd by me, and we'll agree
To drink both sack and sherry,
For that is good to cleanse the blood,
And make our senses merry.

XLI.

THE GOOD FELLOWS' FROLICK, OR KENT
STREET CLUB.

(Evans's Old Ballads, i, 162, and Songs of the London Apprentices and Trades, by Charles Mackay, Percy Society's Edition, pp. 134-7, and Roxburghe Ballads, British Museum, ii, 198-9.)

HERE is a crew of jovial blades,
That lov'd the nut-brown ale,
They in an alehouse chanc'd to meet,
And told a merry tale.
A bonny seaman was the first,
But newly come to town,
And swore that he his guts could burst,
With ale that was so brown.

See how the jolly carman he
Doth the strong liquor prize,
He so long in the alehouse sat,
That he drank out his eyes ;
And groping to get out of door,
Sot-like, he tumbled down,
And there he like a madman swore
He lov'd the ale so brown.

The nimble weaver he came in,
And swore he'd have a little,
To drink good ale it was no sin,
Though 't made him pawn his shuttle.

Quoth he, I am a gentleman,
No lusty country clown,
But yet I love with all my heart
The ale that is so brown.

Then next the blacksmith he came in,
And said, "'Twas mighty hot ;"
He sitting down did thus begin,
"Fair maid, bring me a pot ;
Let it be of the very best,
That none exceeds in town,
I tell you true, and do not jest,
I love the ale so brown."

The prick louse tailor he came in,
Whose tongue did run so nimble,
And said, he would engage for drink,
His bodkin and his thimble.
"For though with long thin jaws I look,
I value not a crown,
So I can have my belly full
Of ale that is so brown."

The lusty porter passing by,
With basket on his back,
He said, that he was grievous dry,
And needs would pawn his sack.
His angry wife he did not fear,
He valued not her frown,
So he had that he lov'd so dear,
I mean the ale so brown.

The next that came was one of them,
Was of the gentle craft,
And when that he was wet within,
Most heartily he laugh'd.
Crispin was ne'er so boon as he,
Tho' some kin to a crown ;
And there he sat most merrily,
With ale that was so brown.

But at the last a barber, he
A mind had for to taste,
He calléd for a pint of drink,
And said he was in haste ;
The drink so pleased, he tarried there
Till he had lost a crown,
'Twas all the money he could spare,
For ale that is so brown.

A broom man, as he passéd by,
His morning draught did lack ;
Because that he no money had,
He pawn'd his shirt from 's back ;
And said that he without a shirt,
Would cry brooms up and down ;
"But yet," quoth he, "I'll merry be,
With ale that is so brown."

But when all these together met,
Oh what discourse was there ;—

'Twould make one's hair to stand on end
To hear how they did swear !
One was a fool and puppy dog,
The other was a clown,
And there they sat and swill'd their guts
With ale that was so brown.

The landlady they did abuse,
And called her nasty whore ;
Quoth she, " Do you your reckoning pay,
And get you out of door !"
Of them she could no money get,
Which causéd her to frown ;
But loath they were to leave behind
The ale that was so brown.

XLII.

THE EXCELLENCY OF WINE.

(From Ayres and Dialogues, by Henry Lawes. The first Book,
1653, by Lord Broughill.)

'Tis wine that inspires,
And quencheth love's fires,
Teaches fools how to rule a state ;
Maydes ne'er did approve it,
Because those that love it,
Dispise and laugh at their hate.

The drinkers of beer
 Did ne'er yet appear
 In matters of any weight;
 'Tis he, whose designe
 Is quicken'd by wine,
 That raises things to their height.

Who then should it prize,
 For never black eyes
 Made wounds which this could not heale ;
 Who then doth refuse
 To drinke of this juice,
 Is a foe to the Commonweale.

 XLIII.

(Beloe's Anec. ii, 352: Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco, contending for superiority. A Dialogue, 1658, in Garrick Collection.)

Wine. I, jovial wine, exhilarate the heart.

Beer. March beer is a drink for a king.

Ale. But ale, bonny ale, with spice and a tost,
 In the morning's a dainty thing.

Chorus. Then let us be merry, wash sorrow away ;
 Wine, beer and ale shall be drunk to-day.

Wine. I, generous wine, am for the court,

Beer. The citie calls for beer.

Ale. But ale, bonny ale, like a lord of the soyl,
 In the country shall domineer.

Chorus. Then let us be merry, wash sorrow away,
 Wine, beer and ale shall be drunk to-day.

XLIV.

(From Hilton's Catch that catch can, 1652, pp. 92-3. By
Mr. William Child.)

If any so wise is that sack he dispises,
Let him drink his smal beer and be sober ;
Whilst we drink sack, and sing as if it were
Spring,
He shall drop like the trees in October.
But be sure, over night if this dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of your bed, to settle your head,
Take a hair of his tayl in the morning ;
And be not so silly to follow old Lilly,
For there's nothing but sack that can tune us ;
Let his *ne-assuescas* be put in his cap-case,
And sing *bibito vinum jejunus*.

XLV.

(Ibid. 77.)

Now God be with old Simeon,
For he made cans for many an one,
And a good old man was he ;
And Jinkin was his journeyman,
And he could tipple off every can ;

And thus he said to mee,
To whom drink you?
Sir knave, to you.
'Then hey ho, jolly Jinkin,
I spy a knave in drinking,
Come trole the bole to mee.

Now God, &c.

XLVI.

THE JOLLY BACCHANAL.

(Chappell's Collection, ii, 64. From Walsh's British Musical
Miscellany, vol. i, p. 92.)

LET's tope and be merry, be jolly and cherry,
Since here is good wine, good wine;
Let's laugh at the fools that live by dull rules,
And at us good fellows repine,
And at us good fellows repine.

Here, here, are delights to amuse the dull nights,
And equal a man with a god;
To enliven the clay, drive all care away,
Without a man's but a clod.

Then let us be willing to spend t'other shilling,
Since money we know is but dirt;
It suits no design like paying for wine,
T'other bottle will do us no hurt.

XLVII.

HONEST HEALTHS, OR DOWN AMONG THE
DEAD MEN.

(From Chappell's Collection, ii, 60.)

HERE'S a health to the king and a lasting peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase ;
Come let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lye.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found,
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless women-hating crew ;
And they that women's health deny,
Down among the dead men let them lye.

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul ;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to love.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lye.

May love and wine their rites maintain,
And their united pleasures reign,

While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford ;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lye.

XLVIII.

THE LEATHER BOTTEL.

There are several copies of the following. Chappell has one, (see his valuable Collection, ii, 53), and he says there is one in the British Museum, at least two hundred years old : there is also one in D'Urfey's Pills, vol. iii, 247-9, and in Roxburghe Ballads, British Museum, ii, 257.

'Twas God above that made all things,
The heav'ns, the earth, and all therein ;
The ships that on the sea do swim,
To guard from foes that none come in ;
And let them all do what they can,
'Tis for one end—the use of man.
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottel.

Now what do you say to these cans of wood ?
Oh no, in faith they cannot be good ;
For if the bearer fall by the way,
Why on the ground your liquor doth lay ;

But had it been a leather bottèl,
Although he had fallen, all had been well.

So I wish in heav'n, &c.

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein;
But had it been in a leather bottèl,
And the stopple in, all had been well.

So I wish, &c.

Then what do you say to these black pots three?
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they'll tug and pull till their liquor doth spill:
In a leather bottèl they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their hearts do ake,
And yet their liquor no harm can take.

So I wish, &c.

Then what do you say to these flagons fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For when a lord is about to dine,
And sends them to be filled with wine,
The man with the flagon doth run away,
Because it is silver most gallant and gay.

So I wish, &c.

A leather bottèl we know is good,
Far better than glasses or cans of wood,

For when a man's at work in the field,
Your glasses and pots no comfort will yield;
But a good leather bottel standing by,
Will raise his spirits, whenever he's dry.

So I wish, &c.

At noon, the haymakers sit them down,
To drink from their bottels of ale nut-brown;
In summer too, when the weather is warm,
A good bottel full will do them no harm.
Then the lads and the lasses begin to tattle,
But what would they do without this bottle;

So I wish, &c.

There's never a lord, an earl, or knight,
But in this bottel doth take delight;
For when he's hunting of the deer,
He oft doth wish for a bottel of beer.
Likewise the man that works in the wood,
A bottel of beer will oft do him good.

So I wish, &c.

And when the bottel at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the side you may make a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.

So I wish, &c.

XLIX.

SONG IN PRAISE OF ALE.

(Hone's Table Book, 255-6, from London Chanticleer, 1659.)

SUBMIT, bunch of grapes,
To the strong barley ear ;
The weak wine no longer
The laurel shall wear.

Sack, and all drinks else,
Desist from the strife ;
Ale's the only Aqua vitæ,
And liquor of life.

Then come, my boon fellows,
Let's drink it around ;
It keeps us from grave,
Though it lays us on ground.

Ale's a physician,
No mountebank bragger ;
Can cure the chill ague,
Though it be with the stagger.

Ale's a strong wrestler,
Kings all it hath met ;
And makes the ground slippery,
Though it be not wet.

Ale is both Ceres,
 And good Neptune too,
 Ale's froth was the sea,
 From which Venus grew.

Ale is immortal ;
 And be there no stops,
 In bonny lads quaffing,
 Can live without hops.

Then come, my boon fellows,
 Let's drink it around ;
 It keeps us from grave,
 Though it lays us on ground.

L.

IN PRAISE OF ALE.

(From Wit and Drollery, 1656, pp. 154-5 ; it is also in Ritson's
 English Songs, ii, 62.)

WHEN as the Chilehe Rocko blowes,
 And winter tells a heavy tale ;
 When pyes, and dawes, and rookes, and crows,
 Sit cursing of the frosts and snowes ;
 Then give me ale.

Ale in Saxon Rumken then,
Such as will make grim Malkin prate ;
Rouseth up valour in all men,
Quickens the poets wit and pen,
Dispiseth fate.

Ale that the absent battle fights,
And frames the march of Swedish drums ;
Disputes the princes lawes and rights,
And what is past, and what's to come,
Tells mortal wights.

Ale that the plowmans heart up keeps,
And equals it with Tyrants thrones ;
That wipes the eyes that over weepes,
And lulls in dainty and secure sleepes,
His wearéd bones.

Grandchilde of Ceres, Barlies daughter,
Wines emulus neighbour, if but stale ;
Innobling all the nimpes of water,
And filling each man's heart with laughter ;
Ha, ha, give me ale.

LI.

OLD SIMON THE KING.

(Chappell's Collection, part ii, pp. 42-3: D'Urfey's Pills to purge Melancholy, vol. iii, 143-4, which differs a little from this.) This Song is said to have been made on Simon Wadloe, who kept the Devil Tavern, when Ben Jonson's club, the Apollo, met there.

IN a humour I was of late,
As many good fellowes may be,
To think of no matters of state,
But to seek for good company,
That best might suit my mind.
So I travell'd both up and down,
No company I could find,
Till I came to the sight of the Crown.
My hostess was sick of the mumps,
The maid was ill at her ease,
The tapster was drunk in his dumps,
They were all of one disease,
Says old Simon the King.

If a man should be drunk to-night,
And laid in his grave to-morrow,
Will you or any man say
That he died of care or sorrow?
Then hang up all sorrow and care,
'Tis able to kill a cat,
And he that will drink all night,
Is never afraid of that;
For drinking will make a man quaff,

And quaffing will make a man sing,
And singing will make a man laugh,
And laughing long life doth bring,
Says old Simon the King.

Considering in my mind,
I thus began to think:
If a man be full to the throat,
And cannot take off his drink,
If his drink will not go down,
He may hang up himself for shame,
So the tapster at the Crown.
Whereupon this reason I frame,
Drink will make a man drunk,
Drunk will make a man dry,
Dry will make a man sick,
And sick will make a man die,
Says old Simon the King.

If a Puritan skinker do cry,
Dear brother, it is a sin
To drink unless you be dry,
Then straight this tale I begin:
A Puritan left his cann,
And took him to his jugg,
And there he played the man
As long as he could tug;
And when that he was spyed,
Did ever he swear or rail?
No, truly, dear brother, he cry'd,
Indeed all flesh is frail,
Says old Simon the King, &c.

LII.

A SONG ON BACCHUS.

(From Pills to Purge Melancholy, iii, 240-1.)

SINCE there's so small difference 'twixt drowning and
drinking,

We'll tipple and pray too, like mariners sinking ;
Whilst they drink salt-water, we'll pledge 'em in wine,
And pay our devotion at Bacchus's shrine :

Oh! Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us,
And plentiful store of good Burgundy send us.

From censuring the state, and what passes above,
From a surfeit of cabbage, from law-suits and love ;
From meddling with swords and such dangerous things,
And handling of guns in defiance of kings :

Oh! Bacchus, &c.

From riding a jade that will start at a feather,
Or ending a journey with loss of much leather ;
From the folly of dying for grief or despair,
With our heads in the water, or heels in the air :

Oh! Bacchus, &c.

From a usurer's gripe, and from every man,
That boldly pretends to do more than he can ;
From the scolding of women, and bite of mad dogs,
And wandering over wild Irish bogs.

Oh! Bacchus, &c.

From hunger and thirst, empty bottles and glasses,
 From those whose religion consists in grimaces ;
 From e'er being cheated by female decoys,
 From humouring old men, and reasoning with boys :

Oh! Bacchus, &c.

From those little troublesome insects and flies,
 That think themselves pretty, or witty, or wise ;
 From carrying a quartan for mortification,
 As long as a Ratisbon consultation.

Oh! Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us,
 And plentiful store of good Burgundy send us.

LIII.

A NEW HEALTH TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

With three glasses ; ending with a Stanza in honour of the Prince of Hanover, and Prince Eugene ; made on the occasion of the late glorious victory at Audenard.

(From the same, i, 40-41.)

SING mighty Marlborough's story,
 Mars of the field,
 He passes the Scheld ;
 And to increase his glory,
 The French all fly or yield ;
 Vendosme drew out to spite him,
 Th' household troops to fright him ;
 Princes o' th' blood,
 Got off as they cou'd,
 But ne'er durst return to fight him.

This is the year of wonders ;
The gend'arms gor'd,
With bullet and sword,
Quake when the general thunders,
Almanza was the word ;
Sound the trumpet, sound, boys,
This to his health be crown'd, boys,

(Take the first glass.)

Circle his brows
With fresh oaken boughs,
And thus let the glasses go round, boys.

(Take the second glass and put into the first.)

Now we made a motion ;
Eugene, the brave,
A second shall have,
And could we tope an ocean,
His due we hardly give ;
Still there's one more must be, boys,
Hannover makes 'em up three, boys.

(Drink the third glass.)

Three in a hand,
I'll drink to my friend,
And so let us all agree, boys.

LIV.

BACCHUS'S HEALTH.

(From the same, iii, 274-5.)

The effect in this Song is similar to a convivial glee introduced a few years since, "A Pie sat on a Pear Tree"; where one drinks while the others sing.

To be sung by all the Company together, with directions to be observed.

First man stands up with a glass in hand and sings.

HERE's a health to jolly Bacchus,
 Here's a health to jolly Bacchus,
 Here's a health to jolly Bacchus, I-ho, I-ho, I-ho ;
 For he doth merry make us,
 For he doth merry make us,
 For he doth merry make us, I-ho, I-ho, I-ho.

*Come sit ye down together,
 Come sit ye down together,
 Come sit ye down together, I-ho, I-ho, I-ho ;
 And† bring more liquor hither,
 And bring more liquor hither,
 And bring more liquor hither, I-ho, I-ho, I-ho.

It goes into the cranium,*
 It goes into the cranium,
 It goes into the cranium, I-ho, I-ho, I-ho.

* *At this Star they all bow to each other, and sit down.*

† *At this dagger all the company beckons to the drawer.*

* *At this star the first man drinks his glass, while all the others sing and point at him.*

And thou'rt a boon companion,†
 And thou'rt a boon companion,
 And thou'rt a boon companion, I-ho, I-ho, I-ho.

*Then the second man takes his glass, all the company
 singing Here's a health, &c. So round.*

LV.

THE WORLD DROWN'D IN A GLASS.

(From same, iv, 215.)

WHAT need we take care for Platonical rules,
 Or the precepts of Aristotle ;
 Those that think to find learning in books are but fools,
 True philosophy lies in the bottle :
 And the mind that's confin'd to the modes of the schools
 Ne'er arrives to the height of a pottle :
 Let the sages, of our ages, keep a talking of our walking,
 Demurely, whilst we that are wiser
 Do abhor all that's moral in Cato and Plato,
 And Seneca talks like a sizer :
 Then let full bowls, full bottles and bowls be hurl'd,
 That our jollity may be compleater ;
 For man, tho' he be but a very little world,
 Must be drown'd as well as the greater.

We will drink till our cheeks are as starr'd as the skies,
 Let the pale colour'd student flout us ;

† *At this dagger they all sit down, clapping their next man on the
 shoulder.*

Till our noses, like comets, set fire on our eyes,
And we bear the horizon about us :
And if all make us fall, then our heels shall divine
What the stars are a doing without us :
Let Lilly go tell ye of thunders and wonders,
And astrologers all divine ;
Let Booker be a looker in our natures and features,
He'll find nothing but claret in mine.
Then let full bowls, &c.

LVI.

A TRIP TO THE JUBILEE.

(From same, v, 15.)

COME bring us wine in plenty,
We've money enough to spend ;
I hate to see the pots empty,
A man cannot drink to's friend ;
Then, drawer, bring up more wine,
And merrily let it pass ;
We'll drink till our faces do shine,
He that won't may look like an ass :
And we'll tell him so to his face,
If he offers to baulk his glass,
For we defy all such dull society.

'Tis drinking makes us merry,
And mirth diverts all care ;
A song of Hey down derry,
Is better than heavier air :
Make ready quickly, my boys,
And fill up your glasses higher ;
For we'll present with huzzas,
And merrily all give fire ;
Since drinking 's our desire,
And friendship we admire,
For here we'll stay, ne'er call Drawer what's to pay.

LVII.

THE GOOD FELLOW.

(From same, v, 16.)

LET's be jolly, fill our glasses,
Madness 'tis for us to think,
How the world is rul'd by asses,
That o'ersway the wise with chink :

Let not such vain thoughts oppress us,
Riches prove to them a snare ;
We are all as rich as Croesus ;
Drink your glasses, take no care.

Wine will make us fresh as roses,
And our sorrows all forget ;
Let us fuddle well our noses,
Drink ourselves quite out of debt :

When grim death is looking for us,
Whilst we're singing o'er our bowls ;
Bacchus joyning in our chorus,
Death depart, here's none but souls.

LVIII.

THE GOOD FELLOW.

(From same, v, 85-6. Words by Mr. Alexander Brome.)

STAY, stay, shut the gates,
T'other quart, faith, it is not so late
As you're thinking ;
Those stars which you see,
In this hemisphere be,
But the studs in your cheeks by your drinking :
The sun is gone to tipple all night in the sea, boys,
To-morrow he'll blush that he's paler than we, boys,
Drink wine, give him water, 'tis sack makes us jee, boys.

Fill, fill up the glass,
To the next merry lad let it pass,
Come away with 't:
Come set foot to foot,
And but give our minds to 't,
'Tis heretical six that doth slay wit,
No Helicon like to the juice of the vine is,
For Phœbus had never had wit, nor diviness,
Had his face been bow dy'd as thine, his, and mine is.

Drink, drink off your bowls,
We'll enrich both our heads and our souls
With Canary;
A carbuncled face,
Saves a tedious race,
For the Indies about us we carry:
Then hang up good faces, we'll drink till our noses
Give freedom to speak what our fancy disposes,
Beneath whose protection is under the roses.

This, this must go round.
Off your hats, till that the pavement be crown'd
With your beavers;
A red-coated face,
Frights a serjeant-at-mace,
And the constable trembles to shivers:
In state march our faces like those of the quorum,
When the wenches fall down, and the vulgar adore 'em,
And our noses, like link-boys, run shining before 'em.

LIX.

THE JOVIAL DRINKER.

(From same, v, 91.)

A PLAGUE on those fools who exclaim against wine,
And fly the dear sweets that the bottle doth bring ;
It heightens the fancy, the wit does refine,
And he that was first drunk was made the first king.

By the help of good claret old age becomes youth,
And sick men still find this the only physician ;
Drink largely, you'll know by experience the truth,
That he that drinks most is the best politician.

To victory this leads on the brave cavalier,
And makes all the terrors of war but delight ;
This flushes his courage, and beats off base fear,
'Twas that taught Cæsar and Pompey to fight.

This supports all our friends, and knocks down our foes,
This makes all loyal men from courtier to clown ;
Like Dutchmen from brandy, from this our strength
grows,
So 'tis wine, noble wine, that's a friend to the crown.

LX.

A SONG IN PRAISE OF PUNCH.

(From same, v, 138.)

COME fill up the bowl with the liquor that fine is,
And much more divine is,
Than now-a-days wine is, with all their art,
None here can controul:
The vintner despising, though brandy be rising,
'Tis punch that must chear the heart:
The lover's complaining, 'twill cure in a trice,
And Cælia disdaining, shall cease to be nice,
Come fill up the bowl, &c.

Thus soon you'll discover, the cheat of each lover,
When free from all care you'll quickly find,
As nature intended 'em willing and kind:
Come fill up the bowl, &c.

LXI.

THE PLAYERS' SONG.

(British Bibliographer, ii, 167. From Histrio-mastix.)

THE nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale,
Puts downe all drinke when it is stale,
The toast, the nutmeg, and the ginger,
Will make the sighing man a singer.

Ale gives a buffet in the head,
 But ginger under proppes the brayne;
 When ale would strike a strong man dead,
 Then nutmegge tempers it againe,
 The nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale,
 Puts downe all drinke when it is stale.

 LXII.

A CARROL FOR A WASSEL BOWL.

(Ritson's Ancient Songs, pp. 304-6, from "New Christmas Carrols"; black letter, no date.)

To be sung upon twelfth-day, at night, to the tune of "Gallants, come away."

A JOLLY wassel bowl,
 A wassel of good ale,
 Well fare the butler's soul,
 That setteth this to sale;
 Our jolly wassel.

Good dame, here at your door
 Our wassel we begin,
 We are all maidens poor,
 We pray now let us in,
 With our wassel.

Our wassel we do fill
With apples and with spice,
Then grant us your good will
To taste here once or twice
Of our good wassel.

If any maidens be
Here dwelling in this house,
They kindly will agree
To take a full carouse
Of our wassel.

But here they let us stand
All freezing in the cold :
Good master, give command
To enter, and be bold,
With our wassel.

Much joy into this hall
With us is entred in ;
Our master, first of all,
We hope will now begin
Of our wassel.

And after, his good wife
Our spiced bowl will try ;
The Lord prolong your life,
Good fortune we espy
For our wassel.

Some bounty from your hands,
Our wassel to maintain :
We'll buy no house nor lands
With that which we do gain
With our wassel.

This is our merry night
Of choosing king and queen,
Then be it your delight
That something may be seen
In our wassel.

It is a noble part
To bear a liberal mind ;
God bless our master's heart,
For here we comfort find,
With our wassel.

And now we must be gone
To seek out more good cheer,
Where bounty will be shown,
As we have found it here,
With our wassel.

Much joy betide them all,
Our prayers shall be still,
We hope and ever shall,
For this your great good will
To our wassel.

LXIII.

A CATCH IN THREE PARTS.

(By Lieutenant and Soldiers. From the Princess, or Love at First Sight, by Killigrew, act v, scene 2.)

1. *All* 3. To Bacchus bow, to Bacchus sing,
With wine and mirth let's conjure him,
1. By his mother's eye
2. And his father's thigh,
3. By her god-brought delight,
1. And his too glorious sight,
2. By Juno's deceit,
3. And thy sad retreat ;
1. Appear, appear, appear,
2. Kind god, in bottles here.
Bacchus. Lo I appear, lo I appear.

2. *All* 3. To Bacchus bow, to Bacchus sing,
With wine and mirth let's conjure him.
1. By Ariadne's wrongs,
2. And the false youth's harms ;
3. By the rock in his breast,
1. That fled from the distress ;
2. By the tempest in her mind,
3. Which ceas't when thou wert kind ;
1. By those beauties that he fled,
2. And the pleasures of her bed.

All 3. Appear, appear, appear,
Kind god, in bottles here.

Bacchus. Drink and I will appear;
Drink deep and I am here.

3. *All.* 3. To Bacchus bow, to Bacchus sing,
'Tis wine and mirth that conjures him.

1. By this blood of the vine,

2. Thus pour'd on thy shrine;

3. By this full glass,

1. To the last kind lass;

2. 'Twas a girle twice nine,

3. That clasp'd like thy vine;

1. By this and that appear, appear, appear,

2. Kind and kinder god, in bottles here.

Bacchus, All 3. Lo I appear, one kind bottle more
and I will dwell here.

4. *All* 3. Then thus again we will conjure him,
Because he has propitious been.

1. Hence this glass, a poor and single sacrifice,

2. A hecatomb in this bottle dies,

3. By the men that thou hast won,

1. And the women thou hast undone;

2. By the friendships thou hast made,

3. And the secrets thou hast betray'd;

1. By this cure of our sorrow,

2. Thus charm'd till to-morrow;

3. Appear, appear, appear,

All 3. Kind god, in bottles here.
Bacchus, All. 3. Lo I appear, lo I am here,
 And there, and there ;
 Lo, I am everywhere.

 LXIV.

THE COURTIER'S HEALTH,

OR THE MERRY BOYES OF THE TIMES.

(From Roxburghe Ballads, British Museum, 2-88.)

He that loves sack, doth nothing lack,
 If he but loyal be ;
 He that denyes Bacchus' supplyes,
 Shows meere hypocrisie.

To a new tune, "Come boyes, fill us a Bumper," or "My
 Lodging is on the cold Ground."

COME, boyes, fill us a bumper,
 We'l make the nation roare,
 She's grown sick of a rumper
 That sticks on the old score.
 Pox on phanatticks, rout 'um,
 They thirst for our blood,
 We'l taxes raise without 'um,
 And drink for the nation's good.
 Fill the pottles and gallons,
 And bring the hogshead in,
 We'l begin with a tallen,
 A brimmer to the king.

Round around, fill a fresh one,
Let no man bawk his wine,
We'l drink to the next in succession,
And keep it in the right line.
Bring us ten thousand glasses,
The more we drink we're a dry,
We mind not the beautiful lasses,
Whose conquest lyes all in the eye.
Charge the pottles and gallons,
And bring the hogshead in ;
We'l begin with a tallen,
A brimmer to the king.

We boyes are truly loyal,
For Charles we'l venture all,
We know his blood is royal,
His name shall never fall.
But those that seek his ruine,
May chance to dye before him,
While we that sack are wooing,
For ever will adore him.
Fill the pottles and gallons,
And bring the hogshead in ;
We'l begin with a tallen,
A brimmer to the king.

I hate those strange dissenters
That strives to bawk a glass,
He that at all adventures
Will see what comes to pass :

And let the popish faction
Disturb us if they can,
They ne'er shall breed distraction
In a true-hearted man.
Fill the pottles and gallons,
And bring the hogshead in,
We'll begin with a tallen,
A brimmer to the king.

Let the phanatticks grumble,
To see things cross their grain,
We'll make them now more humble,
Or ease them of their pain :
They shall drink sack amain, too,
Or else they shall be choak't,
We'll tell 'um 'tis in vain, too,
For us to be provok't.
Fill the pottles and gallons,
And bring the hogshead in,
We'll begin with a tallen,
A brimmer to the king.

He that denyes the brimmer
Shall banish't be in this isle,
And we will look more grimmer,
Till he begins to smile :
We'll drown him in canary,
And make him all our own,
And when his heart is merry
He'll drink to Charles in's throne ;

Fill the pottles and gallons,
And bring the hogshead in,
We'l begin with a tallen,
A brimmer to the king.

Quakers and Anabaptist
We'll sink them in a glass,
He deals most plain and flattest
That says he loves a lass :
Then tumble down canary,
And let your brains go round,
For he that won't be merry
He can't at heart be sound ;
Fill the pottles and gallons,
And bring the hogshead in,
We'l begin with a tallen,
A brimmer to the king.

LXV.

A CATCH, IN FOUR PARTS.

(From the Miser, act iii, by Thomas Shadwell, Esq.)

COME, lay by your cares, and hang up your sorrow ;
Drink on, he's a sot that e'er thinks on to-morrow ;
Good store of good claret supplies every thing,
And the man that is drunk is as great as a king.

Let none at misfortunes or losses repine,
But take a full dose of the juice of the vine ;
Diseases and troubles are ne'er to be found,
But in the damn'd place where the glass goes not round.

LXVI.

A DRINKING SONG.

(From the Woman-Captain, by same, act iv.)

LET the daring adventurers be toss'd on the main,
And for riches no dangers decline ;
Though with hazard the spoils of both Indies they gain,
They can bring us no treasure like wine.

Enough of such wealth would a beggar enrich,
And supply greater wants in a king ;
'Twould sooth all the griefs in a comfortless wretch,
And inspire weeping captives to sing.

There is none that groans under a burdensome life,
If this sovereign balsam he gains ;
This will make a man bear all the plagues of a wife,
And of rags, and diseases in chains.

It swells all our veins with a kind purple flood,
And puts love and great thoughts in the mind :
There's no peasant so rank but it fills with good blood,
And to gallantry makes him inclin'd.

There's nothing our hearts with such joy can bewitch,
For on earth 'tis a pow'r that's divine ;
Without it we're wretched, tho' never so rich,
Nor is any man poor that has wine.

LXVII.

ON CANARY.

(By Alexander Brome.)

Of all the rare juices
That Bacchus or Ceres produces,
There's none that I can, nor dare I
Compare with the princely Canary.
For this is the thing
That a fancy infuses,
This first got a king,
And next the nine muses ;
'Twas this made old poets so sprightly to sing,
And fill all the world with the glory and fame on't ;
They Helicon call'd it, and the Thespian spring,
But this was the drink, though they knew not the
name on't.

Our cider and perry
May make a man mad, but not merry ;
It makes people windmill-pated,
And with crackers sophisticated ;
And your hops, yest, and malt,
When they're mingled together,

Makes our fancies to halt,
Or reel any whither ;
It stuffs up our brains with froth and with yest,
That if one would write but a verse for a bellman,
He must study till Christmas for an eight shilling jest,
These liquors won't raise, but drown, and o'erwhelm,
man.

Our drowsy metheglin
Was only ordain'd to inveigle in
The novice that knows not to drink yet,
But is fuddled before he can think it :
And your claret and white
Have a gunpowder fury,
They're of the French spright,
But they won't long endure you.
And your holiday Muscadine, Alicant and Tent,
Have only this property and virtue that's fit in't,
They'll make a man sleep till a preachment be spent,
But we neither can warm our blood nor wit in't.

The bagrag and Rhenish
You must with ingredients replenish ;
'Tis a wine to please ladies and toys with,
But not for a man to rejoice with.
But 'tis sack makes the sport,
And who gains but that flavour,
Though an abbess he court,
In his high-shoes he'll have her ;

'Tis this that advances the drinker and drawer :
Though the father came to town in his hobnails
and leather,
He turns it to velvet, and brings up an heir,
In the town in his chain, in the field with his feather.

LXVIII.

WITH FULL DOUBLE CUPS.

(From Early Naval Ballads, Percy Society's edition, pp. 96-8,
also in D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy, iii, 304-6.)

ALL hands up aloft,
Swab the coach fore and aft,
For the punch clubbers straight will be sitting ;
For fear the ship rowl
Sling off a full bowl,
For our honour let all things be fitting ;
In an ocean of punch
We to-night will all sail,
I'th' bowl we're in sea-room,
Enough, we ne'er fear :
Here's to thee, messmate.
Thanks, honest Tom,
'Tis a health to the king ;
Whilst the larboard man drinks,
Let the starboard-man sing.
With full double cups
We'll liquor our chops,

And then we'll turn out,
With a who up, who, who ;
But let's drink e'er we go,
But let's drink e'er we go.

The wind's veering aft,
Then loose ev'ry sail,
She'll bear all her topsails a-trip ;
Heave the logg from the poop,
It blows a fresh gale,
And a just account on the board keep ;
She runs the eight knots,
And eight cups, to my thinking,
That's a cup for each knot,
Must be fill'd for our drinking.
Here's to thee, skipper.
Thanks, honest John,
'Tis a health to the king,
Whilst the one is a drinking,
The other shall fill.

With full double cups,
We'll liquor our chops, &c.

The quartier must cun,
Whilst the fore-mast man steers,
Here's a health to each port where e'er bound ;
Who delays, 'tis a bumper,
Shall be drub'd at the geers,
The depth of each cup therefore sound :
To our noble commander,

To his honour and wealth ;
May he drown and be damn'd
That refuses the health.
Here's to thee, honest Harry.
Thanks, honest Will,
Old true penny still ;
Whilst the one is a drinking,
The other shall fill.

With full double cups,
We'll liquor our chops, &c.

What news on the deck, ho ?
It blows a meer storm ;
She lies a trie under her mizon,—
Why, what tho' she does ?
Will it do any harm ?
If a bumper more does us all reason :
The bowl must be fill'd, boys,
In spite of the weather ;
Yea, yea, huzza, let's howl altogether.
Here's to thee, Peter.
Thanks, honest Joe,
About let it go ;
In the bowl still a calm is,
Where e'er the winds blow.

With full double cups,
We'll liquor our chops, &c.

LXIX.

JOAN'S ALE WAS NEW.

(From Ancient Poems, Ballads, &c., by J. H. Dixon, Percy Society's edition, pp. 206-8. See also Chappell's Collection, and D'Urfey's Pills, &c. v, 62-4.)

THERE were six jovial tradesmen,
And they all set down to drinking,
For they were a jovial crew ;
They sat themselves down to be merry ;
And they called for a bottle of sherry,
You're welcome as the hills, says Nolly,
While Joan's ale is new, brave boys,
While Joan's ale is new.

The first that came in was a soldier,
With his firelock over his shoulder,
Sure no one could be bolder,
And a long broad sword he drew :
He swore he would fight for England's ground,
Before the nation should be run down,
He boldly drank their healths all round,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a hatter,
Sure no one could be blacker,
And he began to chatter,
Among the jovial crew :

He threw his hat upon the ground,
And swore every man should spend his pound,
And boldly drank their healths all round,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a dyer,
And he sat himself down by the fire,
For it was his heart's desire

To drink with the jovial crew :
He told the landlord to his face,
The chimney-corner should be his place,
And there he'd sit and dye his face,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a tinker,
And he was no small beer drinker,
And he was no strong ale shrinker,

Among the jovial crew :
For his brass nails were made of metal,
And he swore he'd go and mend a kettle,
Good heart, how his hammer and nails did rattle,
When Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a taylor,
With his bodkin, shears, and thimble,
He swore he would be nimble

Among the jovial crew :
They sat and they called for ale so stout,
Till the poor taylor was almost broke,
And was forced to go and pawn his coat,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a ragman,
With his rag-bag over his shoulder,
Sure no one could be bolder
Among the jovial crew.
They sat and called for pots and glasses,
Till they were all as drunk as asses,
And burnt the old ragman's bag to ashes,
While Joan's ale was new.

LXX.

IN PRAISE OF THE BOTTLE.

(From Tom Brown's Works, iv, 53-4.)

WHAT a plague d'ye tell me of the papists design?
Would to God you'd leave talking, and drink off your
wine.

Away with your glass, sir, and drown all debate;
Let's be loyally merry, ne'er think of the state.
The king (heav'ns bless him) knows best how to rule;
And who troubles his head I think is but a fool.

Come, sir, here's his health; your brimmer advance,
We'll ingross all the claret, and leave none for France;
'Tis by this we declare our loyal intent,
And by our carousing the customs augment.
Would all mind their drinking, and proper vocation,
We shou'd ha' none of this bustle and stir in the nation.

Let the hero of Poland, and monarch of France,
Strive, by methods of fighting, their crowns to advance;
Let chapels in Lime-street be built or destroy'd,
And the test, and the oath of supremacy void,
It shall ne'er trouble me; I'm none of those maggots,
That have whimsical fancies of Smithfield and faggots.

Then banish all groundless suspicions away,
The king knows to govern, let us learn to obey;
Let every man mind his business and drinking,
When the head's full of wine, there's no room left for
thinking.

'Tis nought but an empty and whimsical pate,
That makes fools run giddy with notions of state.

LXXI.

THE WHET.

(From the same, iv, 62.)

WINE in the morning
Makes us frolick and gay,
That like eagles we soar
In the pride of the day.
Gouty sots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripens the grape,
And to drinking gives light ;
We imitate him,
When by noon we are at height ;
They steal wine who take it,
When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines ;
The higher he rises,
The more he refines :
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

LXXII.

WASSAIL SONG.

(From Chappell's Collection, 161.)

WASSAIL ! wassail ! all over the town,
Our bread is white, and our ale it is brown :
Our bowl it is made of the maplin tree,
So here, my good fellow, I'll drink to thee.

The wassailing bowl, with a toast within,
Come fill it up unto the brim ;

Come fill it up, so that we may all see ;
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

Come, butler, come bring us a bowl of your best,
And we hope your soul in Heaven will rest ;
But if you do bring us a bowl of your small,
Then down shall go butler, the bowl and all.

Oh, butler ! oh, butler ! now don't you be worst,
But pull out your knife and cut us a toast ;
And cut us a toast, one that we may all see ;—
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

Here's to Dobbin, and to his right eye,
God send our mistress a good Christmas pye ;
A good Christmas pye, as e'er we did see ;—
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

Here's to Broad May and to his broad horn,
God send our master a good crop of corn ;
A good crop of corn, as we may all see,—
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

Here's to Colly, and to her long tail,
We hope our master and mistress's heart will ne'er fail
But bring us a bowl of your good strong beer,
And then we shall taste of your happy new year.

Be there here any pretty maids ? we hope there be
some,
Don't let the jolly wassailers stand on the cold stone,
But open the door, and pull out the pin,
That we jolly wassailers may all sail in.

FINIS.

The little prince came from another planet
and he had a very special mission
to perform. He was to visit the
king, the queen, the merchant, the
geographer, the historian, the
astronomer, and the pilot.
He was to tell them of his
planet and of the people who
lived there.

He was to tell them of the
flowers, the trees, the animals,
the birds, the insects, the
plants, the stones, the clouds,
the sky, the earth, the sea,
the sun, the moon, the stars.

He was to tell them of the
love, the friendship, the
loyalty, the courage, the
bravery, the kindness, the
generosity, the honesty, the
truth, the justice, the peace.

He was to tell them of the
beauty, the glory, the power,
the wealth, the fame, the
honor, the respect, the
admiration, the love, the
friendship, the loyalty, the
courage, the bravery, the
kindness, the generosity, the
honesty, the truth, the justice,
the peace.

He was to tell them of the
joy, the happiness, the
contentment, the satisfaction,
the fulfillment, the meaning,
the purpose, the hope, the
faith, the love, the friendship,
the loyalty, the courage, the
bravery, the kindness, the
generosity, the honesty, the
truth, the justice, the peace.

Sandys, William

Festive songs principally of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries

London 1848

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